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1856



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The original paper cover of this very curious

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Frontispiece



Nor is't worth our Honours that our Child inquire
But Whimpers Still for Horses, Cocks & Cards.

A COLLECTION OF PRETTY POEMS

For the AMUSEMENT of

CHILDREN SIX FOOT HIGH.

INTERSPERSED

With a SERIES of LETTERS

FROM

Couſin SAM to Couſin SUE,

On the SUBJECTS of

CRITICISM, POETRY, and POLITICS.

With NOTES *Variorum*.

Calculated with a Deſign to do Good.

Adorned with Variety of Copper-Plate Cuts, deſigned and engraved by the beſt Maſters.

The SIXTH EDITION.

Virginibus Puerisque canto. HOR.

VICE, if it e'er can be abaſh'd,
Muſt be, or *ridicul'd*, or *laſh'd*. SWIFT.

LONDON,

Printed for J. NEWBERY, at the *Bible* and *Sun*, in St. *Paul's Church-Yard*; and ſold by the Booksellers of *Europe*, *Aſia*, *Africa* and *America*. Price 1s. bound.

BRITISH
MUSEUM

THE BOOKSELLER TO THE READER.

Gentle Reader,

THOU art here presented with a book of poems, great part of which are originals, tho' the whole is intitled a Collection; an oddity of the author's, and not the only one he has produced; for you will by and by find some Notes couched under the names of other authors, which, from their singularity of turn and conceit, I have reason to think are the brats of his own brain. Some of these notes and observations may appear a little *daring*, as they are levelled at his superiors; but they carry with them the characteristics of honesty; the author seems to mean what he says, and tho' a bold metaphor or a brazen application be sometimes met

with, we are generally well pleaſed with what comes from the heart. Beſides, as theſe poems are profeſſedly publiſhed for the uſe of children of ſix foot high, none elſe have any buſineſs to buy them, or any ſort of right to concern themſelves about the matter; which conſideration alone will, I hope, prevent any impertinent application being made to thoſe of a more elevated rank and ſtation.

Not that I intend to vindicate the Author's prudence, or attempt to juſtify his proceedings.—No, I believe his head, to ſay the truth, is a little unhung, and his inſiſting on having the ſale of his books confined to children of ſix foot high, is, I think, a proof of it. 'Tis a whim that has poſſeſſed his brain, and which there is no rooting out; for though I told him there was no ſuch thing in nature, he ſtill inſiſted upon it with vehemence, and even proteſted, thoſe children were ſo numerous, that if all people were furniſhed with high-heel'd ſhoes, he ſhould have at leaſt three-fourths of the human ſpecies for his purchaſers

chaſers—Extremely ſanguine and ſingular! and indeed his conduct thro' the whole has been ſuch, that it would never have ſucceeded, if I had not lopp'd off ſome excreſcences and made many alterations. Why, to inſtance only in a few particulars, he had dedicated the book to his ſhoemaker for no other reaſon but becauſe he had the length of his foot; whence he gave a long detail of the advantages ariſing from that ſort of admeaſurement, and proved, that by getting the length of a Gentleman's foot, who had the length of a Lady's foot, who had the length of a Lord's foot, many honourable poſts, rich *ſine-cures*, and profitable employments, were obtained; but this no-body can believe, for, as Mr. *Chubb* obſerves, *they have no foundation in the nature and fitneſs of things*. He then fell foul on the poor citizens for having a market for live cattle and wild beaſts in the midſt of their city, he attempted to prove, what indeed cannot be proved, that our anceſtors were as wiſe as we; that *Smithfield*, where this

market is kept, was in their time really a field, and not a part of this great city, and that much mischief has been done, and many lives lost by holding this dangerous market in so incommodious a place. Every body may think as they please, but *Tom Wilson*, who is a politician, says, mad or not mad, he loves to see the creatures running about the streets. The sight of a fat ox makes his mouth water, and puts him in mind of the Sailors cantata,

Lovely charming oxen,
I'm in love with you:
What say you, dear Coxen?
Are not you so too?
Would you be so kind and civil
To come ready roasted here,
Jack *wou'd eat, and* Tom *wou'd eat,*
and Dick *wou'd eat,*
And we should have good chear.

Our Author then made a calculation of the money spent on Lord-Mayor's day, attempted to prove that there was no devotion in drunkenness, that gluttony was

no part of good government, and that the money would be better employ'd in fitting out ſtout privateers againſt the enemies of our king and country. Why you block-head, ſays I, for I could not forbear, do you rail againſt roaſt-beef, plumb-pudding, cuſtards and codling tarts? All the world will deſpiſe you, and look upon you as an author without taſte. Nay, his unparalleled impudence ſuffered him to approach the *ſanctum ſanctorum* of government; he was dabbling with the national debt, boldly aſſerted that all the high poſts ought to be honourable and not profitable employments, that no accomptant ſhould be engaged at a great expence who never learned arithmetic, nor any gentleman paid ſeveral thouſands *per annum*, for only ſigning his name two or three times a year; but that the money thus laviſhed away ought to be thrown into the bottomleſs fund for the diſcharge of the national debt. Here I quoted a text upon him, for indeed I could not help it, *the love of money*, ſays I, *is the founda-*

foundation of all virtue, and by perſuading people from that, *you ſtrike at the very root of all goodneſs*.

He pretended to prove that the total diſregard of religion was the cauſe of many miſchiefs in the ſtate; and that drunkenneſs ought not to be encouraged for the ſake of any revenue: he was for having all the money collected for the poor applied to that purpoſe only, ſo that they need not be under a neceſſity of begging, and for putting of it in the power even of rogues to be honeſt. He railed againſt dragging poor men from their families and buſineſs, without paying them for the loſs of their time; ſung a voluntary in praiſe of the *Foundling-hoſpital*, made a preachment about righteouſneſs and mercy, and talk'd ſo out of the way and old-faſhion'd, that I had not patience to bear it; therefore, like a good gardener, I have pruned off the wild ſhoots and ſuperfluous branches, and have preſented thee, gentle, kind, and courteous reader, with that part which I thought moſt worthy thy peruſal.

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BRITISH
4 AU64
MUSEUM



A COLLECTION OF POEMS, &c.

A MODERN MORNING.

AT four on Monday morn, 'tis
said,
The dawn ſprung from his
truckle bed,
And in a paſſion with old NIGHT,
Unbarr'd the roſy gates of light;
When out his father PHOEBUS flew,
With ſuch amazing force he drew
Almoſt unto his higheſt noon,
Ere *Cælia* roſe—it was ſo ſoon.

But

But up she reared, and rang the bell,
When in came dainty mistress *Nell*,
Oh dear, my lady, * *e'ent you well?*
Well!—yes—why what's o'clock?—oh heaven! [*yawning*]
A † *little bit a past eleven.*
No more! why then I'll lay me down;
No, I'll get up, child, bring my gown:
My eyes so ache I scarce can see;
Nelly, a little ‡ *Ratisia.*
Well now I'll sleep again, begone,
And get my chocolate by one:
No, bring my gown, I'll put it on.

* *E'ent*, an abbreviation of the words *are you not*, and an improvement in the language, which has been lately adopted by all the Fribbles, Fools, and Fops in town. The living languages are daily fluctuating and improving; and for the honour of ours, we must observe, that most of the amendments it has lately received, has been from ladies maids, milliners and mantua-makers.

Catopsicon's Chronicle.

† *Little bit*, another improvement when thus applied.

‡ *Ratisia*, the juice of a particular sort of cucumber, very frequently used by some ladies.

Lightfoot's Nat. Hist.

For ſee the paltry ſun beams come,
And there's no bearing of the room!
So up ſhe roſe, gaping and yawning,
Whilſt * *Nelly* waited on her fawning.
Well, Mame, your ladyſhip's quite right,
Oh night, the glorious charms of night!
People of taſte, who rout and play,
Abhor the odious glare of day:
And, Mame, if you approve the night,
The day'll be out of faſhion quite.
Huſſy, you flatter me, begone,
And ſend my chocolate by *John.*
Nay, Mame.—Then court'ſying, exit *Nell,*
My lady laughs, and all is well—
When enters *John,* and bows his head,
And brings the chocolate to bed.
But here the muſe is much to blame,
Stop, † *Pegaſus*—oh fy for ſhame!

* Mrs. *Nelly*'s ſpeech is truly *Ciceronian,* and, as *Quintilian* has obſerved, contains all the members or parts of an oration, *viz.* the *exordium, narration, propoſition, confirmation, refutation,* and *peroration.*

† *Pegaſus,* a poetical poſt-horſe.

Such

Such tales as theſe you ſhould not tell
Even to knowing miſtreſs *Nell*;
Enough is ſaid by way of jeſt,
In ſecret ſilence wrap the reſt.

Then *Cælia* to her toilet goes,
Attended by ſome favourite beaux,
Who fribble it around the room,
And curl her hair, and clean the comb,
And do a thouſand monkey tricks,
That you will think diſgrac'd the ſex.
Nelly! why where's the creature fled?
*Put my * poſt-chaiſe upon my head.*

* *Poſt-chaiſe.* Be it remembered, that in the year 1756, many ladies of fortune and faſhion, willing to ſet an example of prudence and œconomy to their inferiors, did invent, and make public, without a patent, a machine for the head, in form of a *poſt-chaiſe and horſes.*—And another imitating a *chair and chairmen*, which were frequently worn by people of diſtinction. I have been more particular in noting the exact time of the riſe of this invention; firſt, becauſe no foreigner ſhould attempt to rob us of the honour of it; and, ſecondly, that it may ſerve as an æra or epocha to future chronologers.

Wiſeman's Wonderful Diſcoveries.

Your

Your chair and chairmen, Mame, is brought.
Stupid! the creature has no thought.
And Mame, the milliner is come,
Sh' has brought the * *broad-wheel'd waggon* home,
And 'tis the pretty'ſt little thing,
Upon my honour.—*Bring! bring! bring!*
How can you ſtand and talk about it!
You know I die, I die, without it.
In broad-wheel'd waggon thus array'd
By beaux, and milliner, and maid,
Dear *Cælia* treads the toilet round,
In her fair faithleſs glaſs 'tis found,
And ſo employs her every ſenſe
'Twould take a team to draw her thence.†

* *Broad-wheel'd waggon*, an improvement of the above faſhion.

† The gentlemen, it is ſaid, are going into this faſhion; and, as we are always happily divided, thoſe of one party are to wear *Windmills*, and the other *Weathercocks*.

NOON if you pleaſe,

Or ſome Account of the Jargon uſually heard when our modern wiſe ones deign to go to Dinner.

—A Leaſh of Languages at once.
HUDIBRAS.

OUR anceſtors, hiſtorians ſay,
The night diſtinguiſh'd from the day;
They ſhook off ſloth, and got up ſoon,
And eat a hearty meal at noon.
But now the caſe is alter'd quite,
Our noon is not 'till ſix at night!
But huſh—the company are met,
And round the ſumptuous table ſet;
I muſt attend the ſide-board—ſo
Drink off your bottle, *Tom*, and go.
Coming, my lady—Mame, d'ye call?
Yes—bring ſome beer—Ale, Mame?—*No, ſmall.*
My lady Bloom—*Your health, Sir* Joe,
Oh! this d——d gout is in my toe.

Well,

Well, this * *ragou is mighty pretty;*
Nay, you shall taste it, Lady Betty.
No, Mame. *Then taste the* † *alabrae,*
A little morsel, SI VOUS PLAIT.
This ‡ *comport*'s good, I like it much!
And so they say our friends the Dutch,
A glass of wine—*have all agreed,*
They're of a Hottentottish breed,

* *Ragou*, a dish made from a receipt obtained, at great expence of lives and *l'argent*, from our righteous neighbours the *French*. It is compounded of any thing, and every thing, and was contrived to prevent digestion, and hatch diseases. This however, bad as it is, I should rather eat, than either of those diabolical dishes of luxury, a pig whipt to death, or lobsters roasted alive; for as none but an infernal mind could invent tortures of that kind for innocent animals, so I think heaven will pour down vengeance on those who are any ways concerned in such acts of inhumanity. Four gentlemen and two ladies died after eating a pig that was whipt to death at the *Hague*, two others at *Leyden*, and at *Amsterdam* nine men and women expired after feasting themselves on roasted lobsters; which I apprehend was the immediate work of heaven; for no alteration could be made in the food, by that cruel manner of dressing it. BOERHAAVE.

† *Alabrae*, another *French* dish.

‡ *Comport*, another *French* dish.

Some cuſtard, Mame—*to drop their friends,*
And join the French *for ſelfiſh ends;*
Theſe fowls are fat, the folks ſo cram 'em,
But * D'Argenſon *will ſoon undamn 'em.*
The States have got a bleſſed job!
Come, here, Sir *Richard*, † HOB *or* NOB.
A lady, Mame, I ne'er refuſe.
Sir *Thomas*, pray d'ye hear the news?
You, Mr. William, *draw that cork'a.*
The *French*, they ſay, have ta'en ‡ *Minorca.*
Which meritorious loſs they fling
On our great admirable *B*g.*
But there are folks, and || folks there are,
Tom, mix a little ale and beer,

* *D'Argenſon*, Purveyor to the great *Leviathan.*

† The modern method of drinking, or a genteel way of getting a ſkin full of wine.

‡ A place once in the hands of the *Engliſh*, but ſuffered to be taken from them by the *French*, we know not how, why, or wherefore: nor is it, we apprehend, in the power of any other conjurer to tell. Dr. FAUSTUS.

|| A myſtical way of ſpeaking, which means either ſomething or nothing, and ſhews the author's ſkill both in politics and metaphyſics. MACHIAVEL.

Who

Who don't believe that *B***'s ſo bad,
But there are others to be had,
Who, if—*oh, Mame, you make me bluſh!*
Nay, ſtop her mouth there, huſh, huſh, huſh!
Your toaſt, Sir *Thomas*—*Lady* Brown:
The lovelieſt Lady in the town.
Miſs Jones, *I hope our friends are well?*
A bit of cuſtard, Mr. Bell,
All mighty well, I thank you, Mame.
* Hawk*'s a brave man*—a ſlice of ham,
For fight he will, and ſhortly too;
A little more of that RAGOU;
And old ‡ Galiſſoniere *they ſay,*
Pray put the TRIFLE up this way,
Intends to gaſconade at Breſt,
A glaſs of wine—*No that's a jeſt,*
Sit farther, Sir, you quite one ſtifle.
My Lord, you once was fond of † *Triſle.*
Yes, when I marry'd, Mame, 'tis true,
And ſo, Sir, was your Lady too.

* *Hawk*, daring, intrepid. It alſo ſignifies a man of prey, and a bird of prey. CHAMBERS's *Dict.*

‡ *Galiſſoniere*, a *Mediterranean* ſcarecrow. AINSWORTH.

† *Triſle*, an *Engliſh* diſh, not unworthy of its name. *Mr.* BRADLY.

My LORD *and* LADY's *Rout*,

Alias DRUM, alias HURRICANE, alias WHIRLWIND, &c. &c. &c.

Beyond the fix'd and settled Rules
Of Vice and Virtue in the Schools;
Beyond the Letter of the Law,
Which keeps our Men and Maids in awe;
The better sort should set before 'em
A Grace, a Manner, a Decorum. PRIOR.

RUB, a dub, a dub, come, *John*, come,
And bring the *D*——*l* and his drum;
Bring, oh bring a mighty train
Of all the pert, the proud, the vain;
With each a gamester in his hand,
With each a schedule of his land,
With each a purse of guineas store,
With trinkets to be pawn'd for more;
And ladies too, with lovely looks,
Who turn o'er cards instead of books;
Who, in devotion to the ace,
Turn sense and virtue out of place;

Who all their honour put to ſtake,
Who rap for righteouſneſs, a * rake;
And 'ſtead of pious prints, who carry
The *Great Mogul*, or great † *St. Harry*,
Bring courtiers too, with *Janus'* faces,
Dealers in penſions and in places;
And patriots proud, who tack about,
And ſoon are in, and ſoon are out.
Let men and women all draw near,
Let all in gaudy dreſs appear;
Let each in honour wear a creſt,
Bear each a knave upon his breaſt,
May ——————— * * * *

* This ſeems to be a miſtake, and ſhould be *who rap their righteouſneſs for a rake*, which is evidently the author's meaning; and ſo we find it both in the *Bodleian* library, and in the *Vatican*. It is true, the verſe is not ſo good; yet I make no doubt but it came better from the author's hands, and has been corrupted, as is common, by the impertinence of critics, or the careleſſneſs of the printer. VOLTAIRE.

† *St. Harry* the eighth, formerly king of a certain people, who killed ſeveral of his wives, and committed many other acts of inhumanity; yet had the title of *Defender of the Faith* beſtowed upon him, for writing a ſtupid pamphlet upon a ſubject he did not underſtand. RAPIN.

The Printer begs leave to inform the public, that he can proceed no farther in this part of the author's copy, for very cogent and substantial reasons, which he is not at liberty to disclose; but he takes this opportunity of inserting the copy of a receipt, which was shewn him under the author's own hand, and which may, perhaps, lead the reader to the knowledge of some secrets in the art of negociation, he was before unacquainted with.

'Received, *January* 10, 1756, of His 'Grace the Duke of ———, Lord *Robert* '———, Lady *C*—— *L*——, Sir *Thomas* '*B*———, and others of the nobility and 'gentry, five hundred pounds, in consideration of which sum, I do promise not to expose them, or any of their friends, in my 'poem, called *The Rout*; and I do also agree, 'that the Printer shall break off at these words, '*Knave upon his breast*; that the remainder 'of the copy shall be burnt, and that I will 'so far forget it as never to be able to recollect one syllable that was written, nor will

'I

'I ever take any farther notice of their maſ-
'querades, drums, routs, hurricanes, or any
'other infamous aſſemblies.

'*Witneſs my hand the day and year above written.* *T. TAGG.*

From what appears in this receipt, ſome will perhaps blame the author, and ſay he has taken a bribe to ſuppreſs the truth, which is undoubtedly the caſe; but as it is a caſe that ſo frequently happens, and what is indeed done every day, this ſingle inſtance ſurely can afford little matter of amazement. If we conſider how much bribery is in faſhion, and what *little* things *great* people do for money, we ſhall no longer wonder at a poor man's holding his tongue, when five hundred pounds were given him for that purpoſe.

The PRINTER.

P S. It was always my opinion, that exceſſive gaming, exceſſive drinking, and exceſſive playing the fool, would be the ruin of this kingdom. BACON.

The Difference between YOUTH *and* AGE *demonſtrated.*

AN ancient dame, who clean and clear,
Had reckon'd up her ninetieth year,
At dinner, with her toothleſs mouth,
Attack'd a griſtle hard and tough:
The griſtle ſhe eſſay'd to chew,
Out of her mouth elaſtic flew,
And fell direct acroſs the table,
Cloſe by a youngſter ſtout and able.
The youth, who thought, at any rate,
It muſt have fall'n from his own plate,
Did, with a ſwallow and a ſmack,
Diſpatch the griſtle in a crack.
'Strange quoth the dame, but yet 'tis truth,
'Such difference 'twixt Age and Youth;
'Dear me, how long have I been fumbling,
'And kept a mumbling, ſtill and mumbling?
'When this young youth has in a whiſtle,
'Devour'd my ſecond-handed griſtle!'

The

The youth he ſhrug'd, and look'd aſkew,
And then this prudent inference drew:
We ſhould be virtuous in our prime,
Reflecting on that * *tooth-draw'r Time,*
And live by moral maxims aw'd,
While yet the griſtle's to be gnaw'd.

* *Old Time* has ever been a famous tooth-drawer, and, by doing his work well, obtained more buſineſs than all the reſt of his fraternity; but, ſince ſome of the late catholicons were diſcovered, his trade, like all others, has been on the decay. PLOWDEN's *Hiſtory of New-York.*

An EPILOGUE,

Spoken by Mrs. MIDNIGHT'S *Daughter, riding upon an Aſs dreſſed in a great Tie-Wig.*

AS hiſſing and pelting are ſo much in vogue,
You'll permit me to ride with my new epilogue,
That in caſe of a thump from a * *Buck*,——
or a † *Beau*,
I may clap to my ſpurs, and gallop—ge-hoe!
And, like a brave general, after being beat,
Exult and rejoice in a prudent retreat.

Nor ſhould you deſpiſe this old ſenat'reſs here,
Accoutred and dreſs'd in a caxon ſo queer;
For ſhe is a perſon of learning profound,
Of ſenſe moſt ſagacious, of wiſdom moſt ſound,

* *Bucks* are fools, who think they have wit, and who have impudence enough to do any thing but what is right. GROTIUS.

† *Beau*, a name for any thing that is inſipid and ridiculous. PUFFENDORF.

So genteel in carriage ſo ſober and quiet,
And ſo uſeful—ſhe ſerves me for phyſic and diet;
In arts *Æſculapian* ſh' has wonderful knowledge,
And * wrought greater cures than moſt of the college!
Oh, could all the ſick, who have cauſe to repine,
But bridle their doctors, as I bridle mine;

* *Wrought greater cures than moſt of the college.* It is a melancholly conſideration, ſaith *Celſus*, but true it is, that when diſeaſes have baffled the art of phyſicians, they are obliged to call in the aid of the *aſs*, who very often, by her ſecret cunning and wonderful workings, doth deſpiſe thoſe diſorders that were deemed incurable, and ſnatch the patient both from death and the doctors.

This obſervation from the great *Celſus*, calleth to my mind the verdict of a jury, who ſat on a man that died in conſequence of a fall from one of the horſes that ſtarted for the plate at---- races. In this caſe the horſe is uſually forfeited to the Lord of the Manor; to prevent which, or rather becauſe he was attended by ſix phyſicians, the Jury brought in their verdict *Dead of the Doctors.* JEWSON's *Reports.*

Wou'd they saddle an ass, to the country repair,
And drink of her milk in an open free air,
The babblers in physick would quickly decay,
And the bills of mortality dwindle away.

Or could the poor clients, who oft are bestridden,
But ride on their lawyers, as by them they're *ridden;
Cou'd saddle a sergeant, and jog out of town,
And strife and contention in full bumpers drown,
The world would grow wise and better each day,
And envy, and malice, and mischief decay!
The sons of sound sense to this scheme will agree,
And applaud my poor ass, and my mamma, and me.

* *Ridden.* Clients are said to be ridden; because they pay the lawyer money; but the lawyer payeth them no money; (*ergo*) therefore is the lawyer not ridden. COKE *upon* LITTLETON.

The



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The POWER *of* INNOCENCE.

A Northern pair, we wave the name,
Rich, young, and not unknown to fame,
When first the nuptial state they try'd,
With fabled gods in pleasure vy'd.
New to the mighty charm they feel
A joy that all their looks reveal,
We love whate'er has power to please,
So nature's ancient law decrees;
And thus the pair, while each had pow'r,
To bless the fond sequester'd hour,
With mutual *love* enraptur'd glow,
And love in kind *complacence* show.
But when *familiar* charms no more
Inspire the bliss they gave before,
Each less *delighting*, less was *lov'd*,
Now this, now that was disapprov'd;
Some trifling fault, which *love* conceal'd,
Indiff'rence every day reveal'd. *

* *Indiff'rence every day reveal'd.* This is a case so common, that we see instances of it every day. Sir *Sampson* ——, though dying for his wife before marriage, quarrelled with her afterwards, because she had a freckle upon her finger.

Complacence flies, *neglect* ſucceeds;
Neglect, *diſdain* and *hatred* breeds.
The wiſh *to pleaſe* forſakes the breaſt,
The wiſh *to rule* has each poſſeſs'd.
Perpetual war, that wiſh to gain,
They wage, alas! but wage in vain.
Now hope of conqueſt ſwells the heart
No more—at length content to part;
The rural ſeat, that ſylvan ſhade,
Where firſt the nuptial vows were paid;
That ſeat atteſts the dire intent,
And hears the parting ſettlement.

It is impolitic in young ladies to marry very old men. Beau *Wilſon* ſays, that ladies are not half ſo handſome as they were thirty years ago, which, perhaps, is owing to his being turned of ſixty.

It is ever prudent, ſays *Solomon*, to make the beſt of a bad market. If therefore a poor woman ſhould have a bad huſband, or a poor man a bad wife, which may happen even in this righteous age, let let them comfort themſelves, as the *Swedes* do with the third ague, till nature thinks proper to remove the fit; and not make themſelves more miſerable by their continual jars.

People thus coupled ſhould behave like jockeys, and agree to give and take before they ſtart for the plate.

GRONOVIUS.

This houſe, theſe fields, my lady's own,
Sir *John* muſt ride to town alone.
The chariot waits—they bid adieu;
But ſtill the chariot waits in view.
Tom tires with waiting long in doubt,
And lights a pipe—and ſmokes it out—
Myſterious! wherefore this delay?
The ſequel ſhall the cauſe diſplay.
One lovely girl the lady bore,
Dear pledge of joys ſhe taſtes no more;
The Father's Mother's darling ſhe,
Now liſp'd and prattled at their knee.
Sir *John* now riſing to depart,
Turn'd to the darling of his heart,
And cry'd with ardour in his eye,
'Come, *Betſey* bid mamma *Good-bye*.'
The lady, trembling, anſwer'd, No—
'Go kiſs papa, my *Betſey* go.
'Sir *John*, the child ſhall live with me.'
'The child herſelf ſhall chuſe, ſaid he.'
Poor *Betſey* look'd at each by turns,
And each the ſtarting tear diſcerns.
My lady aſks, with doubt and fear,
'Will you not live with me, my dear?'

Yes, half reſolv'd, reply'd the child,
And, half ſuppreſs'd her tears, ſhe ſmil'd.
'Come *Betſey*, cry'd Sir *John*, you'll go,
'And live with dear papa I know.'
Yes, *Betſey* cry'd—the lady then
Addreſs'd the wand'ring child agen.
The time to live with both is o'er,
This day we part to meet no more:
Chuſe then—her grief o'erflow'd her breaſt,
And tears burſt out too long ſuppreſt.
The child, whoſe tears and chiding join'd,
Suppos'd papa diſpleas'd, unkind;
And try'd with all her little ſkill,
To ſooth his oft relenting will.
Do, cry'd the liſper, *papa! do,*
Love dear mamma!—mamma loves you!
Subdu'd the force of manly pride,
No more his looks his heart bely'd,
The tender tranſport forc'd its way,
They both confeſs'd each other's ſway;
And, prompted by the ſocial ſmart,
Breaſt ruſh'd to breaſt, and heart to heart.
Each kiſs'd their *Betſey* o'er and o'er,
And *Tom* drove empty from the door.

Where's the POKER?

A TALE.

THE poker loſt, poor *Suſan* ſtorm'd,
And all the rites of rage perform'd;
As ſcolding, crying, ſwearing, ſweating,
Abuſing, figetting and fretting.
'Nothing but villainy and thieving;
'Good heavens! what a world we live in!
'If I don't find it in the morning,
'I'll ſurely give my maſter warning.
He'd better far ſhut up his doors,
'Than keep ſuch good-for-nothing whores,
'For whereſoe'er their trade they drive,
'We *vartuous* bodies cannot thrive,'
Well may poor *Suſan* grunt and groan,
Misfortunes never come alone,
But tread each other's heels in throngs,
For the next day ſhe loſt the tongs;
The ſalt-box, cullender and grate,
Soon ſhar'd the ſame untimely fate.

In

In vain she vails and wages spent
On new ones—for the new ones went.
There'd been, she swore, some dev'l or witch in,
To rob and plunder all the kitchen.
One night she to her chamber crept,
Where for a month she had not slept,
Curse on the author of these wrongs!
In her own bed she found the tongs!
Hang *Thomas* for an idle joker!
And there, good lack! she found the poker,
With salt-box, pepper-box and kettle,
And all the culinary metal.

Be warn'd, ye fair by Susan's *crosses,*
Keep chaste, and guard yourselves from losses;
For if young girls delight in kissing,
No wonder that the poker's *missing.*

LETTER I.

From Couſin SAM to Couſin SUE.

Couſin SUE,

I Told thee I would write, and ſo I will, and ſend you all the news about *London*. Well, 'tis a ſtrange place as ever was ſeen, that's for certain! The firſt day I came, the ſtreets were ſo throng'd, that I ſtood up to let folks go by, but there was no end of 'em; ſo I was obliged to ſhove on with the reſt; but I never was ſo bump'd and thruſt about in my life. I put off my hat to all the gentlefolks, but they only laughed at me; and one queer old put cry'd, twig the countryman: ſo I ſmoked the joke, and put my hat on, and kept him as cloſe as if he was nailed to my head. *John Williams* got me a place to live with a noblemen, but I was mortally frighted at firſt; for I thought as how if I

ſhould

ſhould make him angry I ſhould be hanged or beheaded; but I vow and proteſt he is as civil a ſpoken gentleman as ever I ſee in my life, and has no more pride than our Juſtice of Peace, nor half ſo much neither; and we all love him, and his buſineſs is the better done for it; for we ſerve him not thro' fear, but affection, *Sue!*

I am hugely improved in my learning ſince I came to *London*, and might have got to be a *critic*, but Mr. *Thomas*, my Lord's gentleman, perſuaded me off. There is a whole club of them meets at the ſign of the *Cat and Bagpipes*, juſt by our ſtables, every week; and our coachman, and *Dick* the helper belongs to them: they'll be mortal great authors if they live; for all the critical papers and pamphlets they have a hand in. Poetry and politics is their ſtudy, and that's what every body underſtands in *London*. Some poetry of theirs I have ſent you, and may-hap by and by you may have ſome politics from,

Your loving Couſin,

SAM.

A NEXELLENT NEW BALLIT,
CALLED
MOLLY's DELIGHT.

By the CRITIKAL SOCIETY.

YOUNG *Strafron* he went t'other day to the wake,
For ſum huckle-my-buff and a ginger-bred kake;
But oh he was bobbiſh and joyous and jolly,
When on the gay grene he diſkiver'd his *Molly*.
Derry down, down, &c.

Dear *Molly* ſhe came all along the gay grene,
As fine as a horſe or a ginger-bred queen,
Young *Strafron* he buſs'd her, and made her a bow,
And look'd if ſo be as he could not tell how.
Derry down,

With that they begun without any pother,
A talking of this, and of that, and of t'other;
And tho' ſhe would piſh, and would cry, l
He preſs'd her likewiſe, and he ſqueez'd h
Derry down, &c.

Come all ye young youths of Saent
pariſh,
Who loves every thing that is finiſh an
Be jolly and buckſome, and buckſome a
Sing *Molly* and *Strafron*, and *Strafron* and
Derry down

The diſappointed MILK-MAID.

HOW *poorly* your *projectors* fare,
That *build* their *caſtles* in the *air*!
Still *tow'ring* on from *ſcheme* to *ſcheme*,
They top *Olympus* in a dream;
But *waking* find (nineteen i'th' ſcore)
Themſelves far *lower* than *before*.
Of *theſe* the *inſtances* are *many*,
And *this* will *ſerve* as well as *any*.
It happen'd on a *ſummer*'s day,
A *country laſs*, as *freſh* as *May*,
Deck'd in a wholeſome *ruſſet* gown,
Was going to next *market* town;
So *blithe* her *looks*, ſo *ſimply clean*,
You'd take her for a *May-day queen*,
Inſtead of *garland*, ſays my tale,
Her *head* bore *Brindy*'s loaded *pail*.
As on her *way* ſhe paſs'd along,
She *hum'd* the *fragments* of a ſong;
She did not hum *for want of thought*,
Quite pleas'd with *what* to *ſale* ſhe brought;

And reckon'd, by her own account,
When all was sold, the whole amount.
Thus *she*—in *time*, this *little* ware
May turn to *great account* with *care*:
My *milk* being *sold* for—*so* and *so*,
I'll buy some *eggs* as *markets* go,
And *set* them——at the *time* I fix,
These *eggs* will *bring* as many *chicks*;
I'll spare no *pains* to *feed* them well,
They'll bring vast *profit* when they sell.
With this I'll *buy* a little *pig*,
And when 'tis grown up fat and big,
I'll sell it, whether *boar* or *sow*,
And with the money *buy* a *cow*;
This *cow* will surely have a *calf*,*
And there the *profit's half* in *half*;
Besides there's *butter*, *milk*, and *cheese*,
To *keep* the *market* when I please:

* We hope not a bull-calf; if it should, the profit will be less.—*Tom W-lson* beat his cow for bringing a bull-calf; whence his family, which are very numerous, have been distinguished by the name of the *bull-calves* ever since.

JOURNAL DE SCAVANS.

All which I'll *sell*, and *buy a farm*,
Then shall of *sweethearts* have a *swarm*.
Oh! then for *ribbands*, *gloves* and *rings!*
Ay! more than *twenty* pretty *things*.
One brings me *this*, another *that*,
And I shall have—the *Lord* knows *what*.
Fir'd with the *thoughts*, the frantic *lass*,
Of what was *thus* to *come to pass*,
Her *heart* beat *strong*, she gave a *bound*,
And *down* came *milk-pail* on the *ground*,
Eggs, *fowls*, *pig*, *hog* (ah! well-a-day)
Cow, *calf*, and *farm*—all *swam away*.

Projectors, of all people, are most to be pitied: they not only lose their money, but are imposed upon and laughed at.---Poor Sir *Hugh Middleton!*

Gravelot, in his *Unaccountable Curiosities*, tells us, That one of his relations had discovered the Philosopher's Stone; but was afraid to have it talked of, lest he should be bastinadoed for the secret. What a world we live in! A friend of mine was taken into custody, and prosecuted, for melting down shavings into deal-boards. But of all projectors I idolize and adore the man who spent the estate of a thousand a year on elections, to obtain a place at court of five hundred.

Would the nation, this good, this righteous, this wise, this politic nation, but convey to me the

the money that is squandered away at elections, I would soon discharge the debt they so much complain of; and, what also deserves some consideration, many lives would be saved, and broken heads prevented; mechanics would be kept to their business, and not drunk for months together; and peace and good neighbourhood, loyalty and unanimity, would be preserved in every county, every borough, and every village, throughout the three kingdoms. I would not presume, like a pragmatical coxcomb, to assert this of my own knowledge; no, before I offered to speak, or write, on a subject so important, I drew up the case of the kingdom, and transmitted it, with a proper fee, to Cardinal FLEURY, the greatest conjurer in his day, who, like a good counsellor, returned me his opinion, under his own hand, with this restriction however, that I was not to publish it 'till after his decease. But he, poor man, is dead, his schemes are now at an end, and therefore here comes the secret.

The *British* constitution, says he, would be the happiest in the world, both for King and people, were there a good militia established, and were the members of parliament elected, and the business in parliament determined by *ballot*, and the elections to be once in three years, or oftener, if His Majesty should think proper. Then the people would act with reason and with conscience, nor would it be in the power of the *French*, or any other nation, either to bribe or to beat them.

An EPILOGUE,

Spoken by Mr. SHUTER, *in the Character of a* Man-Midwife, *with a Child in his Arms.*

WHoe'er begot thee has no cauſe to bluſh,
Thou'rt a brave chopping boy *(child cries)* nay, huſh, huſh, huſh:
A workman faith! a man of rare diſcretion,
A friend to *Britain*, and to our profeſſion.
With face ſo chubby, and with looks ſo glad,
O rare roaſt beef of *England*—here's a lad!
(Shews him to the Company.)
(Child makes a noiſe again.)
Nay, if you once begin to puke and cough,
Go to the nurſe—within, here take him off.
Well, heav'n be prais'd, it is a peopling age,
Thanks to the *bar*, the *army*, and the *ſtage*:
The nation proſpers by ſuch joyous ſouls,
Hence ſmokes my table, hence my chariot rolls;

Tho'

Tho' ſome ſnug jobs from ſurgery may ſpring,
Man-midwif'ry, man-midwif'ry's the thing.
Lean ſhould I be, e'en as my own anatomy,
By mere cathartics, and by plain phlebotomy,
Well, beſides gain, beſides the pow'r to pleaſe,
Beſides the muſic *(ſhakes a purſe)* of ſuch
birds as theſe,
It is a joy refin'd, unmix'd, and pure,
To hear the praiſes of the grateful poor:
This day comes honeſt *Taffy* to my houſe,
'Cot pliſs hur, hur has ſav'd hur poy and
'ſpouſe,
'Hur ſav'd my *Gwinnifred*, or deeth had
'ſwallow'd hur,
'Tho' creat-crand-creat-crand-crand-child of
'*Cadwallador*.
Cries *Patrick Touzl'em*, I am bound to pray,
You've ſav'd my *Sue* in your ſame phyſic
way,
And further ſhall I thank you yeſterday.
Then *Sawney* came, and thank'd me for my
love,
(I very readily excus'd his glove)

He

He bleſs'd the mon, ev'n by St. *Andrew's*
croſs,
'Who cur'd his bonny bearn and blithſome
'laſs.'
But merriment and mimicry apart:
Thanks to each bounteous hand, and ge-
nerous heart,
Of thoſe, who tenderly take Poverty's part.
Who in good-natur'd acts can ſweetly grieve,
Swift to lament, but ſwifter to relieve.
Thanks to the lovely fair ones, types of heav'n,
Who raiſe, and beautify, the bounty giv'n;
But chief to him, in whom diſtreſs confides,
Who o'er this noble plan ſo glorioufly preſides*.

* Theſe charities are in general well deſigned, and ſhould be encouraged; but why are the unhappy wretches, who have been trepanned by diabolical ſchemes, or deluded from the paths of virtue, by perfidious friends, to be excluded the benefit of them?

Is whoring catching, that people are ſo delicate in this reſpect? Or, if there is any objection to their admiſſion here, why is there not a proper place appointed for them?

It

It is hard that wretchedneſs, the only juſt pretence and claim to charity, ſhould exclude any from the benefit of our hoſpitals, and yet that very often happens; for, however proper the patient's caſe may be for admiſſion, if the poor wretch, for want of money and cloaths, ſhould happen to be louſy, or have the itch; or, for want of friends, not have ſufficient ſecurity for a funeral, in caſe of death, ſhe cannot be admitted; ſo that, according to the rules of our hoſpitals, thoſe who are in the moſt extreme diſtreſs, are deemed improper objects of their charity. But the religious and humane founders of hoſpitals never intended to bar up their doors by ſuch objections as theſe, and therefore theſe objections ſhould be removed by the legiſlative power.

What an amazing idea muſt a foreigner entertain of us, ſhould he meaſure our charity by the ſuperbneſs of the buildings, and what a deſpicable one, when he comes to ſee how ſome of them are miſapplied; for, to a man of ſenſe, it will ever ſeem a paradox, that more money ſhould be expended on the building of a houſe of charity, than would maintain ten times its inhabitants for ever, and yet this is the caſe of *Greenwich*, and many others.

A COMMON CASE, tho' a HARD ONE.

In the Manner of GAY.

THE doleful dumps I ſing, and tearful woes,
Of MARIAN teeming with unlawful throes;
The ſheeneſt laſs in *Berkſhire* was ſhe known,
Of all that butter ſell at *Reading* town:
Not the ſev'n ſiſters could o'er her prevail,
The golden farmer's daughters of the vale,
Tho' every *Oxford* muſe their charms has ſung,
And greateſt * Doctors join'd the tuneful throng.

Ye peers! who careleſs of ambition, chuſe
To court the labours of the paſt'ral muſe;
And all the wond'rous bards who try the lay,
Where black *Cam* rolls, or *Iſis'* eddies play,
Aſſiſt the labours of an humble ſwain,
Rude to the pipe, and novice on the plain.

Nine months ſucceſſive now had rolled round,
Since MARIAN firſt the pleaſing miſchief found;

* The Rev. Dr. *Wilkes* wrote a poem upon them.

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In vain her hands had cull'd th' abortive weed,
Nor aught avail'd th' apothecary's aid:
Her belly now with fatal size did swell,
And sick'ning qualms the blushful secret tell:
Then all in sad despair she made her moan,
Lodona's waters echoed groan for groan.
'Ah! faithless COLIN CLOUT! ah, luckless I!
'And canst thou, cruel! from thy MARIAN fly?
'How often hast thou suck'd my panting breath?
'How often swore to love me true till death?
'But to the justice I'll reveal my plight,
'And with a constable pursue thy flight.
'—Ah! how unequal, as our parson preaches,
'Are this world's goods! and sure he rightly
'teaches;
'For what to maidens brings eternal stain,
'(Sad management!) gives honour to the swain.
'Twas on the brightest morn of all the year,
'When new-born *May* bids ev'ry shepherd chear;
'When artful maids their rival fancies show,
'And well-wrought garlands bloom on every
'bough;
'When gaudy fairs bespangle ev'ry street,
'And lowing cows the noval pasture greet;
'Fresh rose I, MARIAN-hight, from rustic bed,
'The morning dream still hov'ring o'er my head,

'Gay

' Gay ſhews and ſweethearts had employ'd my
' thought,
' The kiſs imprinted, and the fairing bought.
' From lavender I drew the tucker'd ſmock,
' And hoſen boaſtful of a various clock;
' The ſilver'd knot well ſcollop'd on my head,
' And donn'd the Sunday gown berob'd with red.
' Thus all bedight, and ready for the fair,
' I ſat impatient with a wiſtful air,
' Expecting COLIN CLOUT, my perjur'd ſwain,
' Who always follow'd MARIAN on the plain:
' With him the moon-light walk I us'd to tread,
' With him I danc'd upon the ſportive mead.
' That very morn had taught the ſnails to crawl,
' And print myſterious letters on the wall.
' At length he came, and I with joyous meed,
' Mounted behind him on the pillion'd ſteed:
' Sweetly I ſung, he whiſtled to the lay,
' Sweetly I ſung the ſong, and ſung the day.
' *What beauteous ſcenes* began the tuneful tale!
' And next I hum'd *The ſweets of Arno's vale*;
' Then MOLLY MOG, fair damſel of the Roſe,
' And *Lovely* PEGGY, taſte of *London* beaux.
' And now in view gay *Reading* ſtrikes our eyes,
' And all the dainties of the fair ariſe:

' Here

'Here * *Birmingham* its boaſted ware diſplays,
'There leather breeches hight, and bodice ſtays;
'Here poſy'd garters flutter'd in the way,
'There painted hobby-horſes ſeem to neigh;
'Here belles in ginger-bread all gilded over,
'And little gew-gaw *H—ys* act the lover.
'Shepherds and nymphs from every part repair,
'All who on *Oxford* hills direct the ſhare,
'Who fell the foreſt, or who mow the mead,
'Or drag in little boats the finny breed:
'Her wide-mouth'd ſons low-ſeated *Henley* ſends,
'And ſmoaky *Oakingham* her tribute lends.
'But far did MARIAN all the reſt outvie,
'No cheek ſo ruddy, nor ſo black an eye;
'Scarce DOLLY * *, the daughter of the May'r,
'With all the flaxen ringlets of her hair,
'With all the ſnowy fulneſs of her breaſt,
'In blithſome features might with me conteſt.
'All youths ambitiouſly around me ſtrove,
'Each gave ſome choſen emblem of his love;
'One quaintly bought the garters for my thighs,
'While ſimple archneſs ſparkled in his eyes.
'But all their fairings unſucceſsful prove,
'Still true to COLIN CLOUT I held my love.

* A town famous for working in ſteel.

'—Ah!

'—Ah! ſly deceiver! you enclaſp'd my arm,
'And ſeem'd my ſaviour, while you meant my
'harm;
'Far too unequal was the high reward,
'My maiden-head muſt pay thee for thy guard;
'Already warm'd with joy you win my heart,
'And ſtamp a little COLIN e'er we part.
'—Yet now, when nature fills my breaſt, to
'fly—
'Nor yet one tear to iſſue from thine eye—
'My ſlighted love to quick reſentment turns;
'Lo my blood riſes, and my cheek all burns!
'Oh! could I tear thee as I tear this glove—
'Go, horrid monſter! I deſpiſe thy love,
'Thy oaths I quit, thy fairings I reſign,
'Forget, renounce thee, hate whate'er was thine.
'No Chriſtian mother bound thy infant head,
'Some *Turk* begat thee, or ſome monſter bred;
'Or dropt on *Cambrian* hills, a ſqualid brat,
'Some ſhe-goat ſuckled thee with ſavage teat.
'—Go to thy drab, whoe'er has won thy heart,
'And may the p-x devouring make thee ſmart;
'My vengeful ghoſt ſhall haunt thee o'er the
'plain,
'Yes, thou ſhalt ſuffer, villain, for my pain.

'But

'But ah! my rage relents, my ſorrow flows;
'Come COLIN! faithleſs ſhepherd! eaſe my
'woes.
'And muſt I in the ſheet opprobrious ſtand?
'Thy plight is troth'd, ah! come and give thy
'hand:
'My conſcience ſtarts, whene'er I hear a knell,
'And is a little love deſerving hell?
'Too hard a penance for a ſin ſo ſlight!
'Ah how my heart miſgives me every night!
'When ſleep has clos'd my ſorrow-ſtreaming
'eyes,
'Then ghaſtly dreams, and hateful thoughts
'ariſe:
'All unaccompany'd, methinks I go
'O'er dreary bogs, a wilderneſs of woe!
'Ah! my wits turn! ſtrange phantoms round
'me fly!
'Lo! I am chang'd into a gooſb'ry pye!
'Forbear to eat me up, inhuman rabble!
'Cocks crow, ducks quake, hens cackle, turkies
'gabble!
Thus MARIAN rav'd, and then with rueful
throes,
Did to the light a luſty babe diſcloſe:

Long while ſhe doubted of the ſmirking boy,
Or on her knee to dandle, or deſtroy;
Love prompted her to ſave, and pride to drown,
At length pride conquer'd, and ſhe dropt her ſon.*

* There is nothing which ſo amply points out the depravity of human nature, and ſo fully diſcovers the corrupt ſtate of the heart of man, as the daily trade which is carried on of debauching young innocent girls, and then ſetting them up for a mark of infamy and ridicule, and abandoning them to all the fatal effects of reſentment, rage, and wild deſpair: I ſay deſpair; for every woman knows, that an age of penitence, and a whole life ſpent in the moſt virtuous manner, can never wipe off a ſtain of that ſort. Yet this trade is carried on with impunity, poor wretches are daily trepanned and ruined; and the law takes no cognizance of the matter. What, are women then of ſo little eſteem? Are they no part of the community? Is there no regard to be paid to their tenderneſs and inexperience, or to the affection of their parents for them, that this violence and injuſtice is permitted? Even a rape is little more with us than a matter of ridicule. What are the hearts of men made of, and how ſtupid and inconſiſtently do we act? If a man ſhould ſuſtain a loſs in trade, or be robbed of twenty guineas on *Hounſlow-Heath*, his neigh-

neighbours would be ſorry for him, and ſpeak of it with concern: but ſhould his only daughter, in whom his ſoul is centered, be trepanned and debauched, the misfortune ſerves only for a goſſiping tale in the neighbourhood, or a merry joke over an evening bowl. No one feels for the poor creature, or the poor father, though, perhaps, his own ſervants were bribed, or his houſe broke open, to accompliſh the deed.

STORY *of a* COCK *and a* BULL.

YES—we excel in arts and arms,
In learning's lore, and beauty's charms:
The ſea's wide empire we engroſs;
All nations hail the *Britiſh* croſs;
The land of liberty we tread,
And woe to his devoted head,
Who dares the contrary advance,
One *Engliſhman*'s worth ten of *France*.
Theſe, theſe are truths, what man won't write for,
Won't ſwear, won't bully, and won't fight for?
Yet (tho' perhaps I ſpake thro' vanity)
Wou'd we'd a little more humanity;
Too far, I fear, I've drove the jeſt,
So leave to Cock and Bull the reſt.
A bull, who'd liſten'd to the vows
Of above fifteen hundred cows,
And ſerv'd his maſter, freſh and freſh,
With hecatombs of ſpecial fleſh,

Like

Like to a hermit, or a derviſe,
Grown old and feeble in the ſervice,
Now left the meadow's green parade,
And ſought a ſolitary ſhade.
The cows proclaim'd, by mournful mooing,
The bull's deficiency in wooing,
And to their diſappointed maſter
All told the terrible diſaſter.

Is this the caſe (quoth *Hodge*) O rare!
But hold—to-morrow is the fair:
Thou to thy doom old boy, art fated,
To-morrow—and thou ſhalt baited—
The deed was done—curſe on the wrong!
Bloody deſcription, hold thy tongue.—
Victorious yet the bull return'd,
And with ſtern ſilence inly mourn'd.

A vet'ran, brave, majeſtic cock,
Who ſerv'd for hour-glaſs, guard and clock;
Who crow'd the manſion's firſt relief,
Alike from goblin and from thief;
Whoſe youth eſcap'd the *Chriſtmas* ſkillet,
Whoſe vigour brav'd the *Shrovetide* billet,
Had juſt return'd in wound and pain,
Triumphant from the barbarous main.

By riv'let's brink, with trees o'ergrown,
He heard his fellow-ſufferer moan,
And greatly ſcorning wounds and ſmart,
Gave him three chears with all his heart.
Riſe, neighbour, from that penſive attitude,
Brave witneſs of vile man's ingratitude;
And let us both, with ſpur and horn,
The cruel reaſoning monſter ſcorn.—
Methinks at every dawn of day,
When firſt I chant my blithſome lay,
Methinks I hear from out the ſky
'All will be better by and by.'
When bloody, baſe, degenerate man,
Who deviates from his Maker's plan,
Who nature and her works abuſes,
And thus his fellow-ſervant uſes,
Shall greatly, and yet juſtly, want
The mercy he refus'd to grant;
And when his heart his conſcience purges,
Shall wiſh to be the brute he ſcourges.*

* Inſtead of notes to this ſtory, which needs no Illuſtration, we ſhall beg leave to introduce, as a cordial to the cruel and heard-hearted,

Some

Some Inſtructions which will enable Parents to bring their Offſpring to the Gallows.

As ſoon as the child is able to do miſchief, teach him to torture flies with a pin or needle; then you may furniſh him with a bird, and tie a ſtring to his leg, that the child may let it fly from his hand, and pull it in again, and drag it about till the bird's joints are diſlocated, and it dies in extreme torture. During this time he may alſo be taught to half-drown puppies and kittens, and to ſet dogs at the cats, to worry them. Then the young gentleman may be provided with a cock, to ſet up for two-pence three throws, and be taught to prop up the poor creature upon ſticks, when both his legs are broke that he can no longer ſtand alone. And, when maſter is grown np to ſix foot high, he may be indulged with cock-fighting, bull-baiting, and other elegant and faſhionable diverſions. All this time you are to keep him from church, and learn him to laugh at the parſon, and to deſpiſe all good people, good precepts, and good books; by which means he will ſoon get rid of all thoſe ſort of ſenſations that humanize the mind, and tend to make mankind juſt and good; and by degrees, he will contract a mercileſs diſpoſition, will be ever delighted with acts of cruelty, will never be ſo happy as when he is doing miſchief, and will, in all probability, ſoon arrive at the gallows.

Note, A contrary education, and a contrary behaviour, will have a contrary effect.

LET-

LETTER II.

From Couſin SAM to Couſin SUE.

Loving Couſin,

WHAT I am going to ſay will amaze you, but it is very true: The great folks here are not half ſo wiſe as I thought they were; nor indeed are the people in *London* a bit better, or honeſter, than our poor neighbours in the Country. They ſo little regard the truth, that ſome of our great ones will ſend word they are not at home, though you ſee them; nay, will perhaps look out at window, and tell you ſo themſelves; and yet they expect nothing but truth from their ſervants: there's the jeſt.——But when I think upon our old copy, *Sue*, that *Evil communications corrupt good manners*, I wonder how any of thoſe, who lead diſſolute lives, can expect their ſervants to lead good ones. The great buſineſs of the great ones here

here is to kill time, as they call it; and the places frequented for this purpoſe are the *Auctions*, *White's*, *Plays*, *Operas*, *Maſquerades*, *Balls*, *Aſſemblies*, *Routs*, *Drums*, *the Park*, *the Gardens*, and ſometimes the *Church*. To give you an idea of auction-hunting, I have incloſed you a copy of Mr. *Garrick*'s Prologue to the entertainment called *Taſte*; and I ſhall, in my future letters, give you ſome account of the beſt of their diverſions, and of their behaviour at them. Ah *Sue! Honeſty's the beſt policy* ſtill: that I know. And if our great people would be good, the little people would be better than they are; for we all copy our ſuperiors; which is a hint, though from a poor footman, not unworthy the conſideration of the great ones, and even of the legiſlature itſelf. A few great examples would make even religion and virtue in faſhion; and what a deal of trouble that would ſave the poor lawyers! I am,

Dear Couſin Sue,

Yours, *&c.*

The

The PROLOGUE.

BEFORE this court I *Peter Puff* appear,
A *Britain* born, and bred an Auctioneer;
Who for myself, and eke a hundred others,
My useful, honest, learned, bawling brothers,
With much humility and fear implore ye,
And lay our present desp'rate case before ye.
'Tis said, a certain witty wag intends
To laugh at us, our calling, and our friends.
If Lords and Ladies, and such dainty folks,
Are cur'd of auction-hunting by his jokes;
Should this odd doctrine spread throughout the land,
Before you buy be sure to understand;
Oh! think on us what various ills will flow,
When great ones only purchase—what they know.
Why laugh at *Taste?* It is a harmless fashion,
And quite subdues each detrimental passion;
The fair ones hearts will ne'er incline to man,
While thus they rage for—china and japan.

The

The *Virtuoſo* too, and *Connoiſſeur*,
Are ever decent, delicate and pure;
The ſmalleſt hair their looſer thoughts might hold,
Juſt warm when ſingle, and when marry'd cold.
Their blood at ſight of beauty gently flows;
Their *Venus* muſt be old, and want a noſe.
No am'rous paſſion with deep knowledge thrives;
'Tis the complaint indeed of all our wives.
'Tis ſaid *virtù* to ſuch a height is grown,
All artiſts are encourag'd—but our own.
Be not deceiv'd, I here declare on oath,
I never yet ſold goods of *foreign* growth;
Ne'er ſent commiſſions out to *Greece* or *Rome*;
My beſt antiquities are made at home.
I've *Romans*, *Greeks*, *Italians*, near at hand,
True *Britons* all—and living in the *Strand*;
I ne'er for trinkets rack my pericranium,
They furniſh out my room from *Herculaneum*.
But huſh—
Should it be known that *Engliſh* are employ'd,
Our manufacture is at once deſtroy'd;

No

No matter what our countrymen deſerve,
They'll thrive as ancients, but as moderns ſtarve—
If it ſhould fall—to you it will be owing,
Farewel to *arts*—they're *going, going, going!*
The fatal hammer's in your hand, oh town,
Then ſet us up—and knock the *poet* down.

Several minutes of the laſt meeting of our Society, which ſerve to illuſtrate and explain ſome paſſages in the above prologue.

Curioſities ſold at our laſt Auction.

A *Yorkſhire* chamber-pot, for a *Roman* urn, £ 32 10 0

Sixteen dozen of ſecond-hand *French* tooth-picks, warranted originals - - - £ 5 0 0

An old ſcythe and dung-pike, for an ante-diluvian knife and fork - - - £ 187 10 0

Six capital pieces of *Ruben*'s painted by Mr. *Ellis*, but known to be originals by the *Connoiſſeurs* - - - - - - - - - - £ 849 0 0

Agreed, That we all diſtribute bugs, as ſurgeons, who inoculate, ſow the ſmall-pox.

We muſt, in juſtice to the trade, obſerve, that there is not above five or ſix members in this ſociety, and no more are to be admitted; ſo that theſe ſort of bargains, are not to be expected in the common courſe of buſineſs, nor any where but at Auctions.

The

The APPLE-PYE.

A Man of *wiſdom* may diſguiſe
His knowledge, and not ſeem too wiſe;
But take it for a conſtant rule,
There's no concealing of a *fool*.
Of this the inſtances are plenty,
But one may ſerve as well as twenty.
A worthy Knight of good eſtate,
Was ſo extreme unfortunate,
That with great coſt, and fruitleſs care,
He rear'd a *blockhead* to his *heir*:
But hoping it would mend the breed,
Should he ſome ſober damſel wed,
He ſent him out to court a lady,
Whoſe father he'd engag'd already.
But firſt he charg'd him on his bleſſing,
To keep in mind this eaſy leſſon:
'*Humphrey*, ſays he, whate'er you do,
'Take heed your words be very few:
'For you'll be counted wiſe, ſo long
'As you have wit to hold your tongue:

'And never feed too greedily,
'On cuſtard, pudding or ſweet pye,
'Leſt your ungovern'd appetite
'Bring ſhame and ſorrow in the night.—
'But *John* ſhall go, for he'll adviſe ye,
'And let me tell you, *John*'s no niſey.
'Here, *John!* d'ye mind, give *Numps* a touch,
'Whene'er he talks or eats too much;
'Be ſure take heed he don't neglect,
'To pay the gentry great reſpect,
'And all our ſervices expreſs
'In handſome terms, with good addreſs.
Inſtructed thus they both took horſe,
And tow'rds the lady bent their courſe.
Whilſt *John* perform'd the *teacher*'s part,
Numps got his *compliments* by *heart*;
Which he deliver'd in ſuch guiſe,
They thought him *tolerable wiſe*:
He held his tongue, which ſeem'd to be
A token of his modeſty,
All paſs'd on well, till *ſupper* came:
Oh hateful meal! Oh hateful name!
Vile author of poor *Humphrey*'s ſhame!

From

From ev'ry diſh, moſt nicely dreſt,
Th' old lady ſtill ſupply'd her gueſt.
All with aſtoniſhment beheld
His plate oft empty, often fill'd.
He eat, *John* pull'd and pull'd again;
Thy pulls, oh *John!* were all in vain;
For near him ſtood an apple-pye,
On which he caſt a greedy eye,
Then fill'd his plate ſix inches high.*

John

* People, who feed in this manner, ſhould be provided with Mr. *Wilſon*'s elaſtic waiſtcoats, which he is about to make public; and that they may know where to furniſh themſelves, I ſhall here inſert his advertiſement.

TO be ſold cheap, and warranted very uſeful to all people who are in office, even from the Peer to the Overſeer of the pariſh, and very ſeaſonable for Citizens on a Lord-Mayor's day,

Elaſtic Veniſon Waiſtcoats,

Knit very looſely, and ſo contrived as to ſtretch to an enormous ſize; ſo that a man who hitherto was obliged to put up with a pound, may become a ſix or eight pounder, without endangering his buttons, or being obliged to unlace. Sold at his houſe in *Pudding-lane*, near the *Monument*.

John gave his elbow many a twitch;
Thought *Numps*, our *John* may kiſs my br--h,
'Tis apple-pye—I'll eat my fill,
Let conſequence be what it will.
Fatal reſolve! I dread to tell
The conſequences which befel.
Let ſordid *nightmen* tell the reſt,
Who reliſh the unſavoury jeſt.
My *dainty muſe* would fain have done,
But truth commands, ſhe muſt go on.
In the beſt bed the *'Squire* muſt lie,
And *John* in truckle bed juſt by,

Note, He has breeches made of the ſame materials to provide againſt accidents,

*** He has alſo, ready made *Turtle Dreſſes*, from four to ten reefs, with the net-work behind; ſo contrived, that while the maſter is feeding, his ſervant, behind the chair, may let out reef by reef, to the utmoſt extent of the ſkin, without diſturbing the company.—He has likewiſe, for the purpoſe of turtle eating, the true *Micrometer Caps*, that meaſure and determine, from the ſtem of the head, what quantity is digeſted in any given time.

Advice gratis.

Who

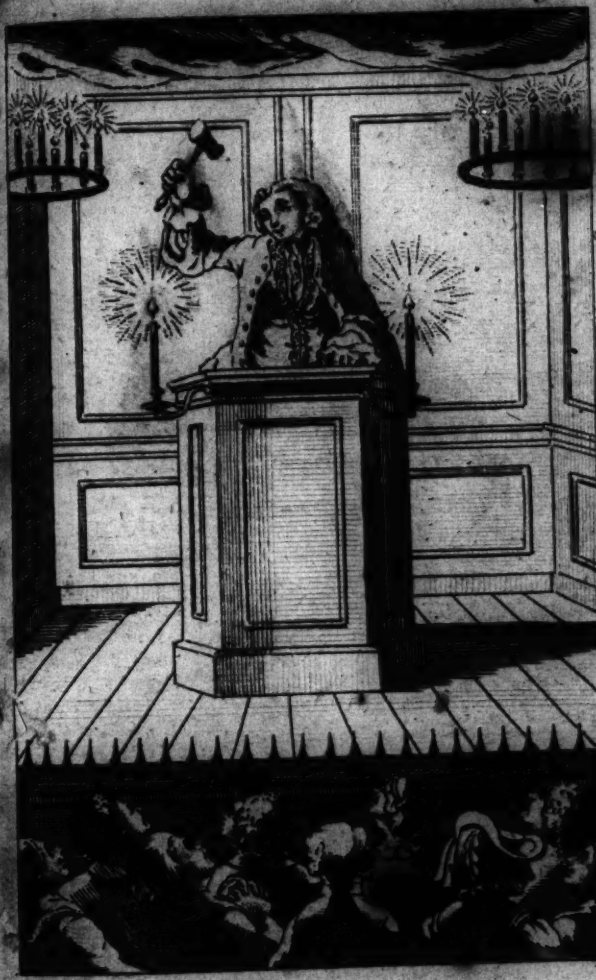
Who ſlept, till with a diſmal groan,
He cry'd at midnight, help, dear *John!*
Or elſe for ever I'm undone.
For heaven's ſake, find ſome excuſe,
The dev'liſh *apple-pye's broke looſe*;
And as I've laid upon't and roll'd it,
The bed's ſcarce big enough to hold it.

John wak'd, and thus began to pray,
'The devil take all fools, I ſay,
'Why choke you, eat it up again,
'And lick the ſheets and blankets clean.
'—What can be done?—here, take my ſhirt,
'And I'll come wallow in the dirt.
'Do you get up as ſoon as light,
'I'll lie and try to ſet all right.'
So ſaid, ſo done, up got the *'Squire*,
And *John* lay tumbling in the mire.
He lay till two briſk laſſes come,
To make the bed, and clean the room.
Soon in the damaſk bed, friend *John*
Was ſpy'd, half bury'd in the down.
'What's here, quo' *Nell*, as I'm alive
'The maſter roſe ſoon after five;

'Here is his man, a lazy loon,
'Intends to lie a bed till noon.'
Quoth *John*, 'I've had a tedious night,
'That truckle bed has lam'd me quite.
'I turn'd in here to take some rest;
'This is a comfortable nest.
'One nap, dear girls is all I beg.
'—A nap! *Sue*, give him some cold pig.
'Come, come, says *John*, don't play the fool,
'I'm *laxative*, you'll make me pull,
'And straining hard will force a stool.'
They pull'd, *John* squeez'd, and gave a grunt,
Then cry'd aloud—'good faith I've don't!
'E'en thank yourselves.'—Away ran *Nell*,
And *Sue* half poison'd with the smell.

This story slipt not you may swear,
But quickly reach'd the master's ear,
His lordship, tickled with the whim,
Cou'd not forbear at dinner-time
To banter *John*; nor did he fail
T' enlarge upon this curious tale.
But seeing *John* with shame cast down,
He frankly tipt him half a crown.

John



BRITISH
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MUSEUM

John took't and bow'd— *Numps* sitting by,
Seeing the prize with envious eye,
Into *John*'s fob directly go,
Cry'd out aloud, 'why, *John*, you know
'The half crown is by right my due,
'Twas I be—t the bed not you.'
Oh blunder! never to be mended!
This one wise speech the courtship ended.
Home trotted *John* in doleful dumps,
And far behind sneak'd hopeful *Numps*;
While miss, deliver'd from her *'Squire*,
Found out a *cleanlier lover*, to lie by her.*

* Some Parents, for the sake of that bane of human felicity, *gold*, have obliged their daughters to marry husbands almost as disagreeable as *Numps*; and have thereby, not only ruined their children, and intailed misery on their offspring, but have rendered themselves accountable, as undoubtedly they are, for all the evils that are consequent of such a forced and preposterous union.
PUFFENDORF.

An ELEGY

Written in a COUNTRY CHURCH-YARD.

THE curfeu tolls the knell of parting day,
The lowing herd winds ſlowly o'er the lea,
The plowman homeward plods his weary way,
And leaves the world to darkneſs, and to me.

Now fades the glimmering landſcape on the ſight,
And all the air a ſolemn ſtillneſs holds;
Save where the beetle wheels his droning flight,
Or drowſy tinklings lull the diſtant folds.

Save that from yonder ivy-mantled tow'r,
The moping owl does to the moon complain
Of ſuch, as wand'ring near her ſecret bow'r,
Moleſt her ancient ſolitary reign.

Beneath thoſe rugged elms, that yew-tree's ſhade,
Where heaves the turf in many a mould'ring heap,
Each in his narrow cell for ever laid,
The rude forefathers of the hamlet ſleep.

The breezy call of incenſe-breathing morn,
The ſwallow twitt'ring from the ſtraw-built ſhed;
The cock's ſhrill clarion, or the echoing horn,
No more ſhall rouze them from their lowly bed.

For them no more the blazing hearth ſhall burn,
Or buſy houſewife ply her evening care:
No children run to liſp their Sire's return,
Or climb his knees the envied kiſs to ſhare.

Oft did the harveſt to their ſickle yield,
Their furrow oft the ſtubborn glebe has broke;
How jocund did they drive their team a field!
How bow'd the woods beneath their ſturdy ſtroke!

Let not ambition mock their uſeful toil,
Their homely joys, and deſtiny obſcure;
Nor grandeur hear, with a diſdainful ſmile,
The ſhort and ſimple annals of the poor.

The boaſt of heraldry, the pomp of pow'r,
And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,
Awaits alike th' inevitable hour,
The paths of glory lead but to the grave.

Nor you, ye proud, impute to theſe the fault,
If mem'ry o'er their tomb no trophies raiſe,
Where thro' the long-drawn iſle and fretted vault,
The pealing anthem ſwells the note of praiſe.

Can ſtoried urn, or animated buſt,
Back to his manſion call the fleeting breath?
Can honour's voice provoke the ſilent duſt,
Or flatt'ry ſooth the dull cold ear of death?

Perhaps in this neglected ſpot is laid
Some heart once pregnant with celeſtial fire,
Hands that the reins of empire might have ſway'd,
Or wak'd to extaſy the living lyre.

But Knowledge to their eyes her ample page
Rich with the ſpoil of time did ne'er unroll;
Chill penury repreſs'd their noble rage,
And froze the genial current of the ſoul.

Full many a gem of pureſt ray ſerene,
The dark unfathom'd caves of ocean bear:
Full many a flower is born to bluſh unſeen,
And waſte its ſweetneſs on the deſert air.

Some village-*Hampden*, that with dauntleſs breaſt
The little tyrant of his fields withſtood;
Some mute inglorious *Milton* here may reſt,
Some *Cromwell*, guiltleſs of his country's blood.

Th' applauſe of liſt'ning ſenates to command,
The threats of pain and ruin to deſpiſe,
To ſcatter plenty o'er a ſmiling land,
And read their hiſtory in a nation's eyes,

Their lot forbad: nor circumſcrib'd alone
Their growing virtues, but their crimes confin'd;
Forbad to wade thro' ſlaughter to a throne,
And ſhut the gates of mercy on mankind,

The

The ſtruggling pangs of conſcious truth to hide,
To quench the bluſhes of ingenuous ſhame,
Or heap the ſhrine of luxury and pride
With incenſe, kindled at the muſe's flame.

Far from the madding crowd's ignoble ſtrife,
Their ſober wiſhes never learn'd to ſtray:
Along the cool ſequeſter'd vale of life
They kept the noiſeleſs tenor of their way.

Yet e'en theſe bones from inſult to protect,
Some frail memorial ſtill erected nigh,
With uncouth rhymes and ſhapeleſs ſculpture deck'd,
Implores the paſſing tribute of a ſigh.

Their name, their years, ſpelt by th' unletter'd muſe,
The place of fame and elegy ſupply;
And many a holy text around ſhe ſtrews,
That teach the ruſtic moraliſt to die.

For who to dumb forgetfulneſs a prey,
This pleaſing anxious being e'er reſign'd,
Left the warm precincts of the chearful day,
Nor caſt one longing ling'ring look behind?

On ſome fond breaſt the parting ſoul relies,
Some pious drops the cloſing eye requires;
Ev'n from the tomb the voice of nature cries,
Ev'n in our aſhes live their wonted fires.

For

For thee, who mindful of the unhonour'd dead,
Doſt in theſe lines their artleſs tale relate;
If chance, by lonely contemplation led,
Some kindred ſpirit ſhall inquire thy fate,

Haply, ſome hoary-headed ſwain may ſay,
'Oft have we ſeen him at the peep of dawn,
'Bruſhing with haſty ſteps the dews away,
'To meet the ſun upon the upland lawn.

'There at the foot of yonder nodding beech,
'That wreathes its old fantaſtic roots ſo high,
'His liſtleſs length at noon-tide would he ſtretch,
'And pore upon the brook that babbles by.

'Hard by yon wood, now ſmiling as in ſcorn,
'Mutt'ring his wayward fancies he would rove,
'Now drooping, woeful wan, like one forelorn,
'Or craz'd with care, or croſs'd in hopeleſs love.

'One morn I miſs'd him on th' accuſtom'd hill:
'Along the heath, and near his fav'rite tree:
'Another came; nor yet beſide the rill,
'Nor up the lawn, nor at the wood was he.

'The next with dirges due in ſad array,
'Slow thro' the church-way path we ſaw him
'borne.

'Approach and read (for thou can'ſt read) the lay,
'Grav'd on the ſtone beneath yon aged thorn.

'There ſcatter'd oft, the earlieſt of the year,
'By hands unſeen, are ſhow'rs of violets found;
'The red-breaſt loves to build and warble there,
'And little foot-ſteps lightly print the ground.'

The EPITAPH.

'HERE reſts his head upon the lap of earth,
'A youth to fortune and to fame unknown:
'Fair ſcience frown'd not on his humble birth,
'And melancholy mark'd him for her own.
'Large was his bounty, and his ſoul ſincere,
'Heav'n did a recompence as largely ſend:
'He gave to mis'ry (all he had) a tear;
'He gain'd from heav'n ('twas all he wiſh'd) a friend.
'No farther ſeek his merits to diſcloſe,
'Or draw his frailties from their dread abode,
'(There they alike in trembling hope repoſe)
'The boſom of his father and his God.

A Pastoral Elegy.

AH, *Damon*, dear ſhepherd, adieu!
By love and firſt nature ally'd,
Together in fondneſs we grew;
Ah, would we together had dy'd:
For the faith which reſembled my own,
For thy ſoul which was ſpotleſs and true,
For the joys we together have known,
Ah, *Damon!* dear ſhepherd adieu!
What bliſs can hereafter be mine,
Whom ever engaging I ſee?
To his friendſhip I ne'er can incline,
For fear I ſhould mourn him like thee.
Tho' the muſes ſhould crown me with art,
Tho' honour and fortune ſhould join,
Since thou art deny'd to my heart,
What bliſs can hereafter be mine?
Ah, *Damon*, dear ſhepherd farewel!
Thy grave with ſad oziers I'll bind;
Tho' no more in one cottage we dwell,
I can keep thee for ever in mind:

Each morning, I'll viſit alone
His aſhes who lov'd me ſo well,
And murmur each eve o'er his ſtone,
'Ah, *Damon*, dear ſhepherd, farewel.'

On a GRAVE-STONE IN A COUNTRY CHURCH-YARD.

THE maid that owns this humble ſtone,
Was ſcarce in yonder hamlet known;
And yet her ſweets, (but heav'n denied)
Had grac'd the cot where late ſhe died.
Behold, how freſh the verdure grows,
Where *peace* and *innocence* repoſe.
Thou too, not unimprov'd, depart;
Go, guard like her the rural heart:
Go, keep her graſs-grown ſod in mind,
Till death, the foe whom thou ſhalt find,
Bedew'd with many a ſimple tear,
Shall lay thy *village virtues* here.

A CURE for the DISEASE CALLED SCOLDING.

MISS *MOLLY*, a fam'd toaſt, was fair and young,
Had wealth and charms, but ah! ſhe had a tongue,
From morn to night, th' eternal larum run,
Which often loſt thoſe hearts her eyes had won.
Sir *John* was ſmitten, and confeſs'd his flame,
Sigh'd out the uſual time, then wed the dame.
Poſſeſs'd he thought of every joy of life;
But his dear *Molly* prov'd a very wife.
Exceſs of fondneſs did in time decline,
Madam lov'd money, and the Knight lov'd wine;
From whence ſome petty diſcords would ariſe,
As *you're a fool*; and *you are mighty wiſe*.
Tho' he and all the world allow'd her wit,
Her voice was ſhrill, and rather loud than ſweet.
When ſhe began---for hat and ſword he'd call,
And after a faint kiſs---cry, b'y dear *Moll*;

Supper

Supper and friends, expect me at the *Roſe*.
And what, Sir *John*, you'll get your uſual doſe?
Go, ſtink of ſmoke, and guzzel naſty wine;
Sure never virtuous love was us'd like mine.

Oft as the watchful bellman march'd his round,
At a freſh bottle gay Sir *John* he found.
By four the Knight wou'd get his bus'neſs done,
And only then reel'd off becauſe alone:
Full well he knew the dreadful ſtorm to come,
But arm'd with *Bourdeaux* he could venture home.
My lady with her tongue was ſtill prepar'd;
She rattled loud, and he impatient heard:
'Tis a fine hour! in a ſweet pickle made!
And this, Sir *John*, is every day the trade.
Here I ſit moping all the live-long night,
Devour'd with ſpleen, and ſtranger to delight,
'Till morning ſends me home a drunken beaſt,
Reſolv'd to break my heart, as well as reſt.

Hey! hoop! d'ye hear my vile obſtrep'rous ſpouſe?
What can you find no bed about the houſe?
Will that perpetual clack be never ſtill?
That rival to the ſoftneſs of a mill;
Some couch and diſtant room muſt be my choice,
Where I may ſleep, uncurs'd with wife and noiſe.

Long this uncomfortable life they led,
With ſnarling meals, and each a ſeparate bed.
To an old uncle oft ſhe would complain,
Beg'd his advice, nor could from tears refrain.
Old *Wiſewood* ſmok'd the matter as it was,
Chear up, ſays he, and I'll remove the cauſe.

A wond'rous ſpring within my garden flows,
Of ſovereign virtue, chiefly to compoſe
Domeſtic jars, and matrimonial ſtrife,
The beſt elixir for a man and wife.
Strange its effects, its qualities divine;
'Tis water call'd, but worth its weight in wine.
If in his ſullen airs Sir *John* ſhould come,
Three ſpoonfuls take, hold in your mouth—— then mum.
Smile and look pleas'd, and if he rage and ſcold,
Still in your mouth the healing cordial hold;
One month this ſympathetic med'cine try'd,
He'll grow a lover, you a happy bride.
But deareſt neice, keep this grand ſecret cloſe,
Or ev'ry prattling jade will beg a doſe.

A water bottle's brought for her relief;
Nor *Nantz* could ſooner eaſe the Lady's grief.
Her buſy thoughts are on the trial bent,
And, female like, impatient for the event.

The

The bonny Knight reels home exceeding clear,
Prepar'd for clamour and domestic war.
Ent'ring, he cries—hey! where's our thunder fled!
No storm to-night, why,—what's your lady dead?
Madam aside, an ample mouthful takes,
Court'sies, looks kind, but not a word she speaks:
Wond'ring he star'd, and scarce his eyes believ'd,
But found his ears agreeably deceiv'd.
Why how now, *Molly*, what's the crotchet now?
She smiles and answers only with a bow.
Then clasping her about,—why, let me die!
These night-cloaths, *Moll*, become thee mightily.
With that he sigh'd, her hand began to press,
And *Betty* calls, her lady to undress.
Thus the fond pair to bed enamour'd went,
The lady pleas'd and the good knight content.
For many days these fond endearments pass'd;
The reconciling bottle fails at last:
'Twas us'd and gone,—Then midnight storms arose,
And looks and words the union discompose.
Her coach is order'd, and post-haste she flies
To ask her uncle for some fresh supplies;
Transported she the strange effects relate,
Her *knight*'s conversion and her happy state.
Why, neice, says he, —I prithee apprehend;
The water's water:—Be thyself thy friend;

Such beauty would the coldeſt huſband warm,
But your provoking tongue undoes the charm:
Be ſilent, and complying,—and you'll find,
Sir *John*, without a med'cine, will be kind.*

* The ſatire of this poem is chiefly levelled at the behaviour of the wife, little notice being taken of that of her huſband, whereas that ought to have been firſt conſidered; for the governors of families, as well as other governors, who would have thoſe under them live orderly and well, ſhould ſet a good example themſelves.

Nothing very dreadful could happen to ſociety, from the activity and free exerciſe of my lady's tongue; but great evils might ariſe from Sir *John*'s manner of living. *Example is more prevalent than precept*; and a drunken and debauched knight may corrupt and extirpate the ſeeds of virtue in a whole village, and render the good Parſon's labours of none effect.

If we meaſure the crime by the miſchiefs that attend it, what a vile miſcreant will a drunkard appear? For, from drunkenneſs proceed tumults, riots, quarrels, murder, and a whole train of other evils; not to mention poverty, neglect of buſineſs, and the ruin of families. 'Tis the greateſt enemy to government, for it renders a man unfit for ſociety, and unable to conform himſelf to any law: a wiſe man therefore may well wonder why every government doth not take more pains to ſuppreſs it.

'Tis

'Tis a melancholly conſideration, but yet I am ſure 'tis true, that three fourths of the *theſts*, *robberies*, *murders*, and *fires* in *London*, are owing to drunkenneſs only, and yet no ſteps are taken to prevent it!—Oh when will the legiſlature open their eyes, and not ſuffer poiſon to be ſold publickly becauſe it brings in * * * * * * *.

GRONOVIUS.

Sir *John* ought to have been treated in the manner a juſtice of peace in the country was by *Tom Wilſon*.

Tom, who was a powerful ſtrong fellow, but half an idiot, was brought before the juſtice for behaving in an inſolent manner when drunk. He was ſaucy enough upon his examination, and the juſtice ordered him into the ſtocks, not ſo much, I believe, for the crime of drunkenneſs as for the indignity offered to his authority. One evening after this *Tom* meets the juſtice by the church-yard, which was at a diſtance from the village, reeling home with his ſkin full of wine, which he thought a great crime, and therefore, in his turn, inflicted the ſame puniſhment on his worſhip.

CARTHEW's *Reports*.

LYCURGUS, the wiſe lawgiver, in order to maintain an equilibrium of temper between man and wife, and that the ſpirits by agitation might not riſe too high in the barometer of the brain, ordained, that whenever the mind was ſo affected as to raiſe the voice to the note *befabemi*, the Reſponſor ſhould not reply, till he had privately and

and distinctly told a hundred. It was pleasant enough to hear a dispute of this sort carried on between man and wife; for before half a dozen angry words had passed, you might perceive their voices gradually decrease; and so effectually did it answer the purpose intended, that I have really seen a gentleman and his lady, who set out in the height of passion, kiss and be friends before they got half way to the end of their dispute.

PLUTARCH.

Archbishop *Cranmer* had perhaps this passage in view, when he married his neice; of whom the following story is related. The archbishop's neice being engaged to a gentleman every way her equal in point of family and fortune, the wedding-day was solemnized with great pomp and splendor; after which, according to custom, the new married couple were left alone. Next morning the good archbishop went into their chamber, and enquiring after their health, told them, he had a present to make them. They were impatient to know what it was; but he persisted in concealing it till they both promised him never to wear it at the same time; and, having extorted from them that solemn promise, he presented them with a FOOL's CAP.

VERSES

VERSES

ON THE

DEATH of Dr. SWIFT,

Occaſioned by reading the following Maxim in *Rochfoucault*,

Dans l' adverſité de nos meilleurs amis nous trouvons toujours quelque choſe, qui ne nous deplaiſt pas.

AS *Rochfoucault* his maxims drew
From nature, I believe 'em true;
They argue no corrupted mind
In him: the fault is in mankind.
This maxim more than all the reſt,
Is thought too baſe for human breaſt:
" In all diſtreſſes of our friends,
" We firſt conſult our private ends:
" While nature kindly bent to eaſe us,
" Points out ſome circumſtance to pleaſe us."
If this perhaps your patience move;
Let reaſon and experience prove.
We all behold with envious eyes
Our equal rais'd above our ſize.

I love my friends as well as you,
But why ſhould he obſtruct my view?
Then let me have the higher poſt;
Suppoſe it but an inch at moſt.
If in a battle you ſhould find
One, whom you love of all mankind,
Had ſome heroic action done,
A champion kill'd, or trophy won;
Rather than thus be over-topt,
Would you not wiſh his laurels cropt?
Dear honeſt *Ned* is in the gout,
Lies rack'd with pain, and you without:
How patiently you hear him groan!
How glad the caſe is not your own!
What poet wou'd not mourn to ſee
His brother write as well as he?
But rather than they ſhould excel,
He'd wiſh his rivals all in hell.
Her end when emulation miſſes,
She turns to envy, ſtings and hiſſes:
The ſtrongeſt friendſhip yields to pride,
Unleſs the odds be on our ſide.
Vain human kind! fantaſtic race!
Thy various follies who can trace?

Self-love, ambition, envy, pride,
Their empire in our hearts divide.
Give others riches, power, and ſtation:
'Tis all on me a uſurpation.
I have no title to aſpire,
Yet when you ſink, I ſeem the higher.
In *Pope* I cannot read a line,
But with a ſigh I wiſh it mine;
When he can in one couple fix
More ſenſe, than I can do in ſix,
It gives me ſuch a jealous fit;
I cry, pox take him and his wit.
I grieve to be outdone by *Gay*,
In my own hum'rous biting way.
Arbuthnot is no more my friend,
Who dares to irony pretend;
Which I was born to introduce;
Refin'd it firſt, and ſhew'd its uſe.
St. *John*, as well as *Pultney*, knows
That I had ſome repute for proſe;
And, 'till they drove me out of date,
Could maul a miniſter of ſtate.
If they have mortified my pride,
And made me throw my pen aſide;

If with ſuch talents heav'n has bleſt 'em,
Have I not reaſon to deteſt 'em?

To all my foes dear fortune ſend
Thy gifts, but never to my friend:
I tamely can endure the firſt;
But this with envy makes me burſt.

Thus much may ſerve by way of proem;
Proceed we therefore to our poem.

The time is not remote, when I
Muſt by the courſe of nature die;
When I foreſee, my ſpecial friends
Will try to find their private ends:
And tho' 'tis hardly underſtood,
Which way my death can do them good;
Yet thus, methinks, I hear them ſpeak:
See, how the dean begins to break!
Poor gentleman! he droops apace;
You plainly find it in his face.
That old vertigo in his head
Will never leave him, 'till he's dead.
Beſides, his memory decays;
He recollects not what he ſays:
He cannot call his friends to mind;
Forgets the place where laſt he din'd:

Plies you with ſtories o'er and o'er;
He told them fifty times before.
How does he fancy we can ſit,
To hear his out-of faſhion wit?
But he takes up with younger folks,
Who, for his wine, will hear his jokes.
Faith, he muſt make his ſtories ſhorter,
Or change his comrades once a quarter:
In half the time, he talks them round;
There muſt another ſet be found.

For poetry, he's paſt his prime;
He takes an hour to find a rhyme:
His fire is out, his wit decay'd,
His fancy ſunk, his muſe a jade.
I'd have him throw away his pen;
But there's no talking to ſome men!

And then, their tenderneſs appears,
By adding largely to my years:
He's older than he would be reckon'd,
And well remembers *Charles* the ſecond.
He hardly drinks a pint of wine;
And that I doubt is no good ſign.

His ſtomach too begins to fail;
Laſt year we thought him ſtrong and hail;
But now he's quite another thing;
I wiſh he may hold out till ſpring.
Then hug themſelves, and reaſon thus:
It is not yet ſo bad with us.

In ſuch a caſe they talk in tropes;
And by their fears expreſs their hopes.
Some great misfortune to portend,
No enemy can match a friend.
With all the kindneſs they profeſs
The merit of a lucky gueſs.
When daily how d'y's come of courſe,
And ſervants anſwer, "worſe and worſe!"
Wou'd pleaſe 'em better, than to tell,
That, God be prais'd, the dean is well.
Then he who propheſy'd the beſt,
Approves the judgment to the reſt;
"You know, I always fear'd the worſt,
"And often told you ſo at firſt."
He'd rather chuſe that I ſhould die,
Than his prediction prove a lye.
Not one foretels I ſhall recover;
But all agree to give me over.

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Yet, ſhould ſome neighbour feel a pain
Juſt in the parts where I complain;
How many a meſſage would he ſend!
What hearty prayers that I ſhould mend!
Enquire what regimen I kept:
What gave me eaſe, and how I ſlept:
And more lament when I was dead,
Than all the ſnivelers round my bed.

My good companions, never fear;
For, tho' you may miſtake a year,
Tho' your prognoſtics run too faſt,
They muſt be verify'd at laſt.

Behold the fatal day arrive;
How is the dean? he's juſt alive.
Now the departing prayer is read;
He hardly breathes. The dean is dead.

Before the paſſing-bell begun,
The news thro' half the town has run.
Oh! may we all for death prepare!
What has he left? And who's his heir?
I know no more, than what the news is;
'Tis all bequeath'd to public uſes.
To public uſes! there's a whim!
What had the publick done for him?

Mere envy, avarice, and pride;
He gave it all—but firſt he died.
And had the dean in all the nation
No worthy friend? no poor relation?
So ready to do ſtrangers good,
Forgetting his own fleſh and blood!

Now *Grubſtreet* wits are all employ'd;
With elegies the town is cloy'd:
Some paragraph in every paper
To *curſe* the *Dean*, or *bleſs* the *Drapier*;
The doctors, tender of their fame,
Wiſely on me lay all the blame:
We muſt confeſs his caſe was nice;
But he wou'd never take advice:
Had he been rul'd, for ought appears,
He might have liv'd theſe twenty years:
For, when we open'd him, we found
That all his vital parts were ſound:
From *Dublin* ſoon to *London* ſpread,
'Tis told at court, the Dean is dead.
And lady S.—— in the ſpleen
Runs laughing up to tell the * *.
* * So gracious, mild and good,
Cries, "is he gone! 'tis time he ſhou'd.

" * * * *
" * * * *
" * * * *
" * * * *

Now *Chartres*, at——*Levee*,
Tells with a ſneer the tidings heavy;
Why, if he dy'd without his ſhoes,
(Cries——) I'm ſorry for the news:
Oh, were the wretch but living ſtill,
And in his place my good friend *Will!*
Or had a mitre on his head,
Provided *Bolingbroke* were dead!
Now *Curl* his ſhop from rubbiſh drains,
Three genuine tomes of *Swift*'s remains!
And then to make them paſs the glibber,
Reviſ'd by *Tibbalds*, *Moore* and *Cibber*.
He'll treat me, as he does my betters,
Publiſh my will, my life, my letters;
Revive the libels born to die;
Which *Pope* muſt bear, as well as I.
Here ſhift the ſcene, to repreſent
How thoſe I love my death lament.
Poor *Pope* will grieve a month, and *Gay*
A week, and *Arbuthnot* a day.

St. *John* himſelf will ſcarce forbear
To bite his pen, and drop a tear.
The reſt will give a ſhrug and cry,
" I'm ſorry, but we all muſt die!"
Indiff'rence clad in wiſdom's guiſe
All fortitude of mind ſupplies:
For how can ſtony bowels melt,
In thoſe who never pity felt?
When we are laſh'd, they kiſs the rod,
Reſigning to the will of God.

The fools, my juniors by a year,
Are tortur'd with ſuſpence and fear;
Who wiſely thought my age a ſcreen,
When death approach'd to ſtand between;
The ſcreen remov'd, their hearts are trembling,
They mourn for me without diſſembling.

My female friends, whoſe tender hearts
Have better learn'd to act their parts,
Receive the news in doleful dumps:
" The Dean is dead (pray what is trumps?)
" Then, Lord have mercy on his ſoul!
" (Ladies, I'll venture for the vole)
" Six Deans, they ſay, muſt bear the pall.
" (I wiſh I knew what King to call.)

" Madam, your huſband will attend
" The fun'ral of ſo good a friend?
" No, Madam, 'tis a ſhocking ſight;
" And he's engag'd to-morrow night:
" My Lady *Club* will take it ill,
" If he ſhould fail her at quadrille.
" He lov'd the Dean; (I lead a heart)
" But deareſt friends, they ſay, muſt part.
" His time was come, he ran his race;
" We hope he's in a better place.*
Why do we grieve, that friends ſhould die?
No loſs more eaſy to ſupply.
One year is paſt; a diff'rent ſcene!
No farther mention of the Dean:
Who now, alas! no more is miſs'd,
Than if he never did exiſt.

* CALCOTHUS, in his hiſtory of *Siberia*, ſays, 'Tis unpardonable for people to appear inſenſible at the death of their relations and friends; wherefore great quantity of onions are generally collected and ſold at the houſe of mourning (as apples and oranges are at our play-houſe doors) to excite the external ſymptoms of grief. Formerly, not only in *Ireland*, but in *England* and *Scotland*, people were often engaged to howl and cry for thoſe they never ſaw or heard of; and, on theſe occaſions, a

Where's now the favourite of *Apollo?*
Departed:——*and his works muſt follow:*
Muſt undergo the common fate;
His kind of wit is out of date.

Some country 'ſquire to *Lintot* goes,
Enquires for *Swift* in verſe and proſe:
Says *Lintot*, "I have heard the name;
"He dy'd a year ago." The ſame.
He ſearches all the ſhop in vain.
"Sir, you may find them in *Duck-Lane.*
"I ſent them with a load of books
"Laſt *Monday* to the paſtry-cook's.
"To fancy they could live a year!
"I find you're but a ſtranger here.
"The Dean was famous in his time,
"And had a kind of a knack at rhime:

good diſmal tone was much eſteemed and well rewarded. Mutes are ſtill engaged by undertakers to wear a ſorrowful countenance, which is thrown off for that of mirth and fun, when the company are abſent; our polite people however diſdain every diſguiſe of that ſort, they bravely throw off the maſk of affectation, and generally mourn for their friends, and repent of their ſins with a pack of cards before them.

THOMPSON's *Trim of Mankind.*

" His way of writing now is paſt:
" The town has got a better taſte.
" I keep no antiquated ſtuff,
" But ſpick and ſpan I have enough.
" Pray, do but give me leave to ſhew 'em;
" Here's *Colley Cibber*'s birth-day poem.
" This ode you never yet have ſeen
" By *Stephen Duck* upon the Queen.
" Then, here's a letter finely penn'd
" Againſt the *Craftſman* and his friend.
" It clearly ſhews, that all reflection
" On miniſters, is diſ—affection.
" Next, here's Sir *Robert*'s vindication,
" And Mr. *Henley*'s laſt oration:
" The hawkers have not got them yet:
" Your honour pleaſe to buy a ſet?"

Suppoſe me dead; and then ſuppoſe
A club aſſembled at the *Roſe*:
Where, from diſcourſe of this and that,
I grow the ſubject of their chat.

The Dean, if we believe report,
Was never ill received at court.
Altho' ironically grave,
He ſham'd the fool, and laſh'd the knave.

" Sir, I have heard another ſtory;
" He was a moſt confounded tory;
" And grew, or he is much bely'd,
" Extremely dull before he dy'd."
Can we the *Drapier* e'er forget?
Is not our nation in his debt?
'Twas he that writ the *Drapier's Letters*—!
" He ſhould have left them for his betters:
" We had a hundred *abler men*,
" Nor need *depend* upon his *pen*.—
" Say what you will about his *reading*,
" You never can *defend* his *breeding*:
" Who, in his ſatires running riot,
" Could never leave the world in quiet—;
" Attacking, when he took the whim,
" Court, city, camp; all one to him—.
" But why would he, except he *ſlobber'd*,
" Offend our *patriot*, great Sir *R*——?
" Whoſe counſels aid the ſov'reign pow'r
" To *ſave* the *nation* ev'ry hour.
" What *ſcenes* of evil he unravels,
" In *ſatires*, *libels*, *lying travels!*
" Not ſparing his own clergy cloth,
" But *eats* into it like a *moth*—!"

Perhaps I may allow the Dean,
Had too much ſatire in his vein;
And ſeem'd determin'd not to ſtarve it,
Becauſe no age could more deſerve it.
Vice, if it e'er can be abaſh'd,
Muſt be or *ridicul'd*, or *laſh'd*.
If you reſent it, who's to blame?
He neither knew *you*, or your *name*.
Should vice expect to 'ſcape rebuke,
Becauſe it's owner is a duke?
His friendſhips, ſtill to few confin'd,
Were always of the middling kind:
No fools of rank, or mongrel breed,
Who fain would paſs for lords indeed:
Where titles give no right or pow'r,
And peerage is a wither'd flower:
He would have deem'd it a diſgrace,
If ſuch a wretch had known his face.
He never thought an honour done him,
Becauſe a peer was proud to own him:
Wou'd rather ſlip aſide, and chooſe
To talk with wits in dirty ſhoes;

And ſcorn the Tools with ſtars and garters,
So often ſeen careſſing *Charters*.
He kept with princes due decorum;
Yet never ſtood in awe before 'em.
He follow'd *David*'s leſſon juſt;
In *princes never put his truſt*:
And, would you make him truly ſour,
Provoke him with a ſlave in power.
" Alas, poor Dean! his only ſcope
" Was to be held a *Miſanthrope*.
" This into general *odium* drew him,
" Which if he lik'd, *much good may do him!*
" His *zeal* was not to laſh our *crimes*,
" But, *diſcontent* againſt the times:
" For, had we made him *timely* offers,
" To *raiſe* his *poſt*, or *fill* his *coffers*,
" Perhaps he might have truckled down,
" Like other *brethren* of his *gown*:
" For party he would ſcarce have bled—;
" I ſay no more,——becauſe he's dead—.
" What *writings* has he left behind—?"
I hear, they're of a different kind:
A few, in *verſe*; but moſt, in *proſe*—.
" Some *high-flown pamphlets*, I ſuppoſe—:

" All ſcribbled in the *worſt* of *times*,
" To *palliate* his friend *Oxford*'s crimes,
" To praiſe Queen *Anne*, nay more, defend her,
" As never fav'ring the *Pretender*—:
" Or *libels* yet conceal'd from light,
" Againſt the *court* to ſhew his *ſpite*;
" Perhaps, his *travels*, *part the third*,
" A *lye*, at every *ſecond* word:
" Offenſive to a loyal ear—;
" But *not one ſermon*, you may *ſweat*—."

As for his works, in verſe or proſe,
I own myſelf no judge of thoſe,
Nor can I tell, what critics thought 'em,
But this I know, all people bought 'em,
As with a moral view deſign'd,
To *pleaſe*, and to *reform* mankind;
And, if he often miſs'd his aim,
The *world* muſt own it, to their *ſhame*,
The *praiſe* is *his*, and *theirs* the *blame*.
He gave the little wealth he had,
To build a houſe for fools and mad;
To ſhew, by one ſatiric touch,
No nation wanted it ſo much:
And ſince you dread no farther laſhes,
Methinks you may forgive his aſhes.

LETTER III.

From Couſin SAM to Couſin SUE.

Ah Couſin SUE!

'TIS all over at our houſe!—We have nothing but trouble and confuſion: My lady, who you know was a fine woman, is become now an ugly bloated creature, and has ſcrewed up her face ſo a gaming, that ſhe is as full of wrinkles as mother *Shipton*. Cards may well be called the Devil's books! I am ſure they have play'd the devil with her, and deſtroyed both her temper and conſtitution. —Up a gaming all night, and the horrors all day, will ſoon put an end to her life, that's certain.—And my poor maſter is abſolutely undone, all is loſt irrecoverably! He poor young gentleman has been admitted into the club of a pack of gamblers at this righteous end of the town, who have ſtripped him of every

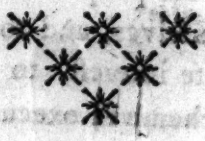
every thing but his title, and with that he may go a begging. Oh for a thunder-bolt to deſtroy ſuch a Peſt of Infernals! And, would you believe it, *Sue*, ſome of theſe Pillagers are great people; ſo great, and of ſuch high employments, that I am told that diſpatches of the utmoſt conſequences are ſent from * * *. A fine political ſociety truly! Suppoſe any of theſe wiſe ones ſhould take it into their heads to bett upon the affairs of *Europe*; What may, or rather what may not, be the conſequence? This is a worſe club than that where the members meet to drink porter, and rectify the writings of *Moſes* and the Prophets. There are many things that want mending in *London*, *Sue*, but the people are too infatuated, too full of themſelves, and too much regard their own private intereſt, to take advice or put any good ſcheme in execution. I am,

My dear SUE, *Your ever loving Couſin*,

SAM * * *

P. S. I was yeſterday ſurpriſed to hear one of theſe gambling gentlemen lay down this as a maxim, *that he would never be a good Politician who could not play well at cards*; and I think he might with as much propriety have ſaid, *that no one could make a good General who had not cock'd a piſtol upon* Hounſlow-heath. With what weak arguments is vice obliged to defend itſelf?

Another young gentleman was ruined at the ſame time with my maſter, whoſe unhappy fate occaſioned the following poem, intitled, *The Benefit of Gaming.*



The

The BENEFIT *of* GAMING.

WHAT dreams of conduct flush'd HILARIO's breaſt,
When the good Knight at laſt retir'd to reſt!
Behold the youth, with new-felt rapture mark
Each pleaſing proſpect of the ſpacious park!
That park where beauties undiſguis'd engage,
Thoſe beauties, leſs the work of art than age;
In ſimple ſtate, where genuine nature wears
Her ven'rable dreſs of ancient years;
Where all the charms of chance with order meet,
The rude, the gay, the graceful, and the great.
Here aged oaks uprear their branches hoar,
And from dark groves which Druids might adore;
Pride and ſupport of *Britain*'s conqu'ring croſs,
Which diſtant Anceſtors ſaw crown'd with Moſs:
With meeting boughs, and deep'ning to the view,
Here ſhoots the broad umbrageous avenue:
Here various trees compoſe a chequer'd ſcene,
Glowing in gay diverſities of green:
There the full ſtream, thro' intermingling glades,
Shines a broad lake, or falls in deep caſcades:

Nor

Nor wants there hazle copſe or beachen lawn,
To chear with ſun, or ſhade the bounding fawn.
And ſee the good old ſeat, whoſe Gothic tow'rs,
Awful emerge from yonder tufted bow'rs:
Whoſe rafted hall the crowding tenants fed,
And deal to age and want their daily bread.
Where garter'd knights with peerleſs beauties join'd,
At high and ſolemn feſtivals have din'd;
Preſenting oft fair virtue's ſhining taſk,
In myſtic pageantries, and moral * maſque;

But

* It was a faſhionable practice among our ancient nobility and gentry of both ſexes, to perform perſonally in entertainments of this kind. Nothing could be a more delightful or rational method of ſpending an evening than this: MILTON's *Comus* was thus exhibited at *Ludlow-caſtle*, in the year 1631.

Poetry, painting, and muſic, were here united in their higheſt perfection; and it were to be wiſhed, that our modern people of diſtinction would revive this excellent practice, and ſubſtitute it in the place of routs and maſquerades. But, in the preſent age, the idea of true decorum is almoſt extinct, and the dignity of human nature ſeems to be over-run with the falſe refinements of affected elegance, and all the inconſiſtent fopperies of ſtudied folly.

But vain all ancient praiſe, or boaſt of birth,
Vain all the palms of old heroic worth!
At once a bankrupt, and a proſperous heir,
HILARIO bets——Park, houſe, diſſolve in air.
With antique armour hung, his trophy'd rooms,
Deſcend to gameſters, proſtitutes, and grooms.
He ſees his ſteel-clad ſires, and mothers mild,
Who bravely ſhook the lance, or ſweetly ſmil'd;
All the fair ſeries of the whiſker'd race,
Whoſe pictur'd forms the ſtately gallery grace,
Debas'd, abus'd, the price of ill-got gold,
To deck ſome baudy-houſe at auction ſold.
The pariſh wonders at th' unopening door,
The chimnies blaze, the tables groan no more.
Thick weeds around th' untrodden courts ariſe,
And all the ſocial ſcene in ſilence lies.
Himſelf, the loſs politely to repair,
Turns Atheiſt, Gambler, Highwayman or P—r.
At length the ſcorn, the ſhame of man and God,
Is doom'd to rub the ſteeds that once he rode,
A wretched drudge among the grooms he plies,
Then ſees his error cuts his throat and dies.

We

We ſhall conclude our notes on this piece with a few ſelect wiſhes.—And,

1ſt, We wiſh that all people had ſenſe enough to ſee their own intereſt, and to avoid being entrapped and bubbled by ſharpers and pick-pockets.

2dly, That no gameſter may hereafter be intruſted with any poſt under this government, or any other.

3dly, That no merchant or tradeſman may ever give credit, or countenance, to any man who has made gaming a part of his buſineſs, or who ever played from any other motive but that of amuſement.

4thly, That all people may avoid a gameſter as they do a mad dog, that would vitiate their vitals, and poiſon their intellects. And,

5thly, That the body of every profeſſed gameſter may be denied [chriſtian] burial, and taken from their friends and hung in chains, as a warning-piece to the public.

The COBLER.

YOUR ſage and moraliſt can ſhow
Many misfortunes here below,
A truth which no one ever miſs'd,
Tho' neither ſage nor moraliſt;
Yet, all the troubles notwithſtanding,
Which fate or fortune has a hand in,
Fools to themſelves will more create,
In ſpite of fortune and of fate.
Thus oft are dreaming wretches ſeen
Tortur'd with vapours, and with ſpleen;
Transform'd (at leaſt in their own eyes)
To glaſs or china, or gooſe-pyes.
Others will to themſelves appear
Stone dead as WILL *the Conqueror*,
And all the world in vain might ſtrive,
To face them down that they're alive.
Unlucky males with child will groan,
And ſorely dread their lying down;
As fearing, that to eaſe their pain,
May puzzle doctor CHAMB

Imaginary evils flow,
Merely for want of real woe;
And when prevailing whimsies rise,
As monstrous wild absurdities
Are, ev'ry hour, and ev'ry minute,
Found without BEDLAM, as within it;
Which if you farther would have shown,
And leisure have to read,—read on.

There liv'd a gentleman, possest
Of all that mortals reckon best:
A seat well chose in wholesome air,
With gardens and with prospects fair:
His land from debt and jointure free,
His money never in SOUTH-SEA:
His health of body firm and good,
Tho' past the hey-day of his blood:
His consort fair, and good and kind;
His children rising to his mind:
His friends ingenuous and sincere;
His honour, nay his conscience clear.
He wanted nought of human bliss,
But pow'r to taste his happiness.

Too near, alas! this great man's hall,
A merry COBLER had a stall;



The modern method of Mourning.

BRITISH
4 AU64
MUSEUM

An arch old wag as e'er you knew,
With breeches red, and jerkin blue;
Chearful at working, as at play,
He ſung and whiſtled life away:
When riſing morning glads the ſky,
Clear as the merry lark, and high:
When ev'ning ſhades the landſkip veil,
Late warbling as the nightingale.
Tho' pence came ſlow, and trade was ill,
Yet ſtill he ſung and whiſtled ſtill;
Tho' patch'd his garb, and coarſe his fare,
He laugh'd and caſt away old care.

The rich man view'd with diſcontent,
His tatter'd neighbour's merriment,
With envy grudg'd, and pin'd to ſee
A beggar pleaſanter than he;
And, by degrees, to hate began
Th' intolerable happy man,
Who haunted him like any ſpright,
From morn to eve both day and night.
It chanc'd when once in bed he lay,
When dreams are true, at break of day,
He heard the COBLER at his ſport,
Amidſt his muſic ſtopping ſhort:

Whether his morning draught he took,
Or warming whiff of wonted ſmoke,
The 'ſquire ſuſpected, being ſhrewd,
This ſilence boded him no good;
And, 'cauſe he nothing ſaw nor heard,
A machiavilian plot he fear'd.
Strait circumſtances crowded plain
To vex and plague his jealous brain:
Trembling in panic dread he lies,
With gaping mouth and ſtaring eyes;
And ſtraining wiſtful both his ears,
He ſoon perſuades himſelf he hears
One ſkip and caper up the ſtairs,
Sees the door open quick, and knew
His dreaded foe in red and blue,
Who with a running jump, he thought,
Leap'd plumb directly down his throat,
Laden with tackle of his ſtall,
Laſt, *End*, and *Hammer*, *Strap* and *Awl*:
No ſooner down than with a jerk,
He fell to muſic and to work.
If much he griev'd our Don before,
When but o'th' outſide of his door,
How ſorely muſt he now moleſt,
When got o'th' inſide of his breaſt:

The waking dreamer groans and ſwells,
And pangs imaginary feels;
Catches, and ſcraps of tunes he hears,
For ever ringing in his ears.
Ill-ſavour'd ſmells his noſe diſpleaſe,
Mundungus ſtrong, and rotten cheeſe:
He feels him when he draws his breath,
Or tug the leather with his teeth;
Or beat the ſole, or elſe extend
His arms to th' utmoſt of his end;
Enough to crack, when ſtretch'd ſo wide,
The ribs of any mortal's ſide.
Is there no method then to fly
This vile inteſtine enemy?
What can be done in this condition,
But ſending for a good phyſician?
The doctor, having heard the caſe,
Burſt into laughter in his face;
Told him he need no more than riſe,
Open his windows and his eyes,
Whiſtling and ſtitching there to ſee,
The cobler as he us'd to be.
Sir, quoth the patient, your pretences
Shall ne'er perſuade me from my ſenſes:

How ſhould I riſe? the heavy brute
Will hardly let me wag a foot:
Tho' ſeeing for belief may go,
Yet feeling is the truth you know:
I feel him in my ſides I tell ye;
Had you a cobler in your belly,
You ſcarce would ſneer, as now you do;
I doubt your guts would grumble too:
Still do you laugh? I tell you, Sir,
I'd kick you ſoundly, could I ſtir;
Thou Quack, thou never hadſt degree
In either Univerſity;
Thou meer licentiate, without knowledge,
The ſhame and ſcandal of the college;
I'll call my ſervants, if you ſtay;
So, Doctor, ſcamper while you may.
One thus diſpatch'd, a ſecond came,
Of equal ſkill, and greater fame;
Who ſwore him mad as a *March* hare,
(For doctors, when provok'd, will ſwear.)
To drive ſuch whimſies from his pate,
He dragg'd him to the window ſtrait.
But jilting fortune can deviſe
To baffle and out-wit the wiſe;
The Cobler ere expos'd to view,
Had juſt pull'd off his jerkin blue,

Not dreaming 'twould his neighbour hurt,
To ſit *in Freſco* in his ſhirt.
Ah! quoth the patient, with a ſigh,
You know him not ſo well as I;
The man who down my throat is run,
Has got a true-blue jerkin on.
In vain the Doctor rav'd and tore,
Argu'd and fretted, ſtamp'd and ſwore;
Told him he might believe as well
The giant of *Pantagruel*
Did oft as break his faſt or ſup,
For poach'd eggs ſwallow windmills up;
Or that the *Holland* dame could bear,
A child for ev'ry day i'th' year.
The vapour'd dotard, grave and ſly,
Miſtook for truth each rapping lye?
And drew concluſions ſuch as theſe,
Reſiſtleſs from the premiſes.

I hope, my friends, you'll grant me all,
A windmill's bigger than a ſtall.
And ſince the lady brought alive,
Children three hundred ſixty-five;
Why ſhould you think there is no room
For one poor cobler in my womb?

Thus ev'ry thing his friends could ſay,
The more confirm'd him in his way:
Farther convinc'd by what they tell
'Twas certain, tho' impoſſible.
Now worſe and worſe his piteous ſtate
Was grown, and almoſt deſperate:
Yet ſtill the utmoſt bent to try,
Without more help he would not die.
An old phyſician ſly and ſhrewd,
With management of face indu'd;
Heard all his tale; and aſk'd with care,
How long the COBLER had been there?
Noted diſtinctly what he ſaid:
Lift up his eyes, and ſhook his head,
And grave accoſts him, on this faſhion,
After mature deliberation,
With ſerious and important face,
Sir, your's is an uncommon caſe:
Tho' I've read GALEN's *Latin* o'er,
I never met with it before;
Nor have I found the like diſeaſe,
In Stories of HIPPOCRATES.
Then, after a convenient ſtay,—
—Sir, if preſcription you'll obey,
My life for your's, I'll ſet you free
From this ſame two-leg'd tympany.

'Tis true, you're gone beyond the cure
Of fam'd Worm-powder of JOHN MOOR:
Beſides, if downwards he be ſent,
I fear he'll ſplit your nether vent:
But then your throat, you know, is wide,
And ſcarcely clos'd ſince it was try'd;
The ſame way he got in 'tis plain,
There's room to fetch him out again:
I'll bring the forked worm away
Without a *Dyſenteria*;
Emetics ſtrong will do the feat,
If taken *quantum ſufficit*:
I'll ſee myſelf the proper doſe,
And then *Hypnotics* to compoſe:
The wretch, tho' languiſhing and weak,
Reviv'd already by the GREEK,
Cries, what ſo learn'd a man as you
Preſcribes, dear Doctor, I ſhall do.
The vomit ſpeedily was got,
The cobler ſent for to the ſpot,
And taught to manage the deceit,
And not his doublet to forget.
But firſt the operator wiſe,
Over the ſight a bandage ties,
For vomits always ſtrain the eyes.

Courage!

Courage! I'll make you diſembogue,
Spite of his teeth, th' unlucky rogue;
I'll drench the raſcal never fear,
And bring him up or drown him there.
Warm water down he makes him pour,
'Till his ſtretch'd guts could hold no more;
Which doubly ſwoln, as you may think,
Both with the Cobler and the drink,
What they receiv'd againſt the grain,
Soon paid with int'reſt back again.
Here come his tools, he can't be long
Without his Hammer and his Thong.
The Cobler humour'd what was ſpoke,
And gravely carried on the joke;
As he heard nam'd each ſingle matter,
He chuckt it ſouſe into the water:
And then not to be ſeen as yet,
Behind the door made his retreat.
The ſick man now takes breath a while,
Strength to recruit for farther toil:
Unblinded he, with joyful eyes,
The tackle floating there eſpies:
Fully convinc'd within his mind,
The Cobler could not ſtay behind,
Who to the alehouſe ſtill would go,
Whene'er he wanted work to do:

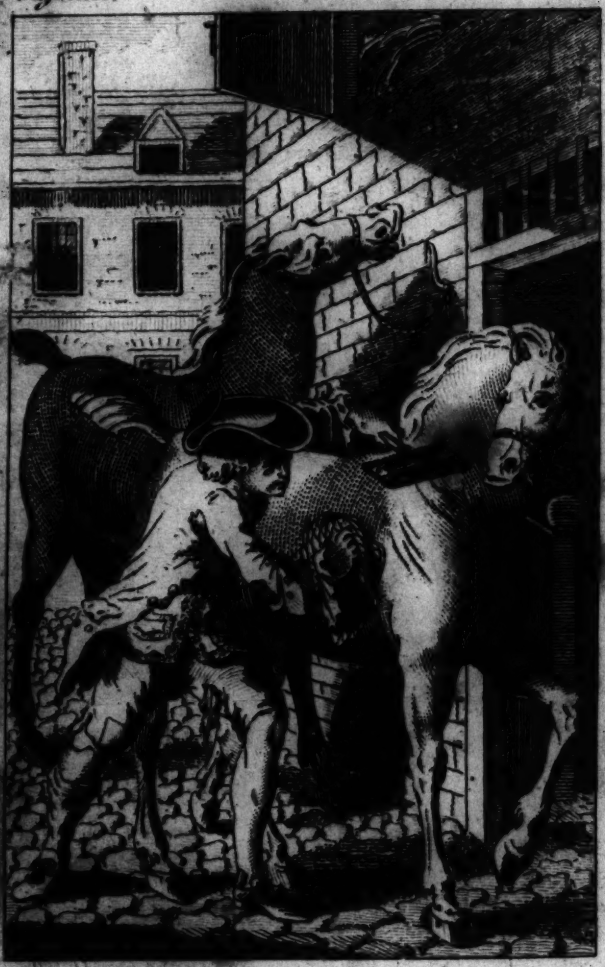
Nor could he like his preſent place,
He ne'er lov'd water in his days.
At length he takes a ſecond bout,
Enough to turn him inſide out;
With vehemence ſo ſore he ſtrains,
As would have ſplit another's brains.
Ah! here the Cobler comes, I ſwear!
And truth it was, for he was there,
And, like a rude, ill-manner'd clown,
Kick'd with his foot the vomit down.
The patient now grown wond'rous light,
Whipp'd off the napkin from his ſight,
Briſkly lift up his head, and knew
The Breeches red, the Jerkin blue;
And ſmil'd to hear him grumbling ſay,
As down the ſtairs he run his way,
He'd ne'er ſet foot within his door,
And jump down open throats no more;
No; while he liv'd, he'd ne'er again
Run, like a fox, down the red lane.
Our patient thus, his inmate gone,
Cur'd of the crotchets in his crown,
Joyful his gratitude expreſſes,
With thouſand thanks, and hundred pieces:
And thus, with much of pain and coſt,
Regain'd the health he never loſt.

MORAL.

Taught by long miſeries, we find
Repoſe is ſeated in the mind;
And moſt men ſoon or late have own'd,
'Tis there, or no where to be found.
This real wiſdom timely knows,
Without experience of the woes:
Nor needs inſtructive ſmart, to ſee
That all on earth is vanity.
Loſs, diſappointment, paſſion, ſtrife;
Whate'er torments or troubles life,
Tho' groundleſs, grievous in its ſtay,
'Twill ſhake our tenements of clay,
When paſt, as nothing we eſteem;
And pain like pleaſure is but dream.

*** This diſorder is to be cured, ſays the learned *Celſus*, without either ſwallowing a Cobler or the uſe of any medicine.—Let your Patients, ſays he, drink no tea nor ſpirituous liquors, but live moderately, eating and drinking ſuch aliments only as are nutritive and eaſy of digeſtion; and, riſing with the ſun, let them retire into ſome meadow, and play at *hop*, *ſtep* and *jump* for two hours, then go to breakfaſt, and uſe ſuch exercise the remainder of the day as may conduce to hunger and health.

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MUSEUM



A WEEK'S INVITATION

From PARSON A— *to* PARSON B—.

THIS letter claims its annual due,
A viſit from your rib and you:
We here have been this month preparing,
Mending, making, waſhing, airing;
So that our houſe ſo ſpruce is grown,
We hardly know it for our own:
Could you but ſee my aukward folks,
Wadling along with pails and yokes;
How unlac'd *Nell* the bucket tugs
For ſweetheart *John* to waſh his mugs;
Or how my lazy rogue contrives
To whiſtle to an edge his knives;
You'd laugh to ſee the pains they take,
The hurricane to brew and bake.
But firſt before I venture further,
Know how you are the cauſe of murder.
A turkey-cock, whoſe fierce demean
Long kept a certain office clean,
Gobbles no more, nor boaſts a tail,
But hangs a breathleſs bird and pale;

Two

Two chicks who oft together popt
Their pliant necks for white-bread ſopt;
To pointed ſteel reſign'd their breath,
And felt a century of death,
For which the boy was ſent laſt week
To chimney's top to fetch a cheek;
Sprouts from the hall perhaps may come,
Suppoſing that the 'ſquire's from home,
To theſe tythe-pig, roaſt pork, and gooſe,*
The beſt my little tythes produce,

* In days of yore, not only the curate, but even the farmer, might ſometimes indulge his friends with the leg of a hare or the wing of a partridge which they had fed in their fields and nurtured to maturity; but by an unaccountable piece of œconomy and good policy they are now deprived of that pleaſure, and are obliged to feed fowls for ſtrangers to feaſt on. The wiſe ſon of *Sirach* obſerves, that the *wild fowls* were intended by providence for the uſe of thoſe who could not afford to keep *tame*. In that ſenſe our forefathers received the text, and killed and eat: and whatever our philoſophers may think of the matter, it is a cuſtom among the *American* Indians to this day.——.

How we delight in works of mercy!

A poor farmer who had nine children, and rented but 30l. a year, loſt all his geeſe and many of his lambs, by a fox that harboured in the neighbourhood. This animal an honourable ſociety of Fox-hunters had agreed to have ſome ſport with; but the farmer meeting with his old enemy very early in the morning, deſtroyed him, which ſo exaſperated theſe gentry, that meeting with the farmer

May for one week I hope contrive,
To keep you and your folks alive.
O come, my friend, I long to ſee
Your one horſe chair's antiquity.

farmer at plough in his ſhirt, they all whipped him unmercifully; and then to complete their revenge, the landlord turned him out of his farm.——

And how piouſly we regard the poor!

An Advertiſement, importing that the *gentlemen concerned in the preſervation of the game were deſired to meet at the* French-Horn Tavern, *at ſix o'clock in the evening*, brought together no leſs than 967; but an advertiſement, ſetting forth that the *gentlemen concerned in the preſervation of the poor, were deſired to meet at the ſame time and place*, did not produce one.

And what good policy it is ſo totally to diſarm our people when our moſt inveterate enemies threaten to invade us!

When David *heard that* Saul *and* Jonathan *were ſlain, he ordered all the children of* Iſrael *to learn the uſe of the bow*, SAMUEL, book II. chap. i. verſe 18. Thus he did, and prudently preſerved his kingdom; for his young men fought not as men having a groat a day, but as men whoſe *king, country, fathers, mothers, wives, children, friends, fortunes* and *lives*, were at ſtake, and thus diſcomfited their enemies and ſubdued them.—While the wiſe *Malocas*, who had ordered their young men to be deprived of their bows, ay, and of their ſwords too, ſaying, *peradventure they may go off and ſhoot game alſo*, were abandoned by their friends whom they had hired to fight their battles; and were deſpiſed and routed out of their land—From a land which flowed with milk and honey!

Lord, what a week I've undergone,
How catechis'd to ſet things on:
Firſt 'tis, my dear, I think it proper
To have theſe chickens dreſt for ſupper:
Juſt as you pleaſe, perhaps I ſay;
Why then 'tis no, they'll keep a day:
Thinks and re-thinks, and what more ſtrange is,
Diſreliſhes her own exchanges.
Poor *Jack* ſometimes twice in an hour
Is ſent for bread, and plumbs, and flour;
For our judicious blockhead makes,
For one right errand, five miſtakes;
Then blames the maid, and what is worſe,
Drives back again, and lames my horſe.
Thus, Sir, you ſee all things are ready,
Spruce are the babes, and ſmart my lady;
Molly is dreſſing brother *Billy*,
So fine, the very babe looks ſilly,
Who when he ſees the patty-pans,
Cries cake, Mamma, and claps his hands.
The ſtable's fit, the windows glazing,
For your's, my ſteeds are ſent a grazing,
At which poor *John*, in doleful dumps,
Groans out, poor lads, and ſtrokes their rumps.
Your *John* and mine may pig together,
Admiring thro' the roof the weather.
My wife ſends compliments—and wiſhes
She could ſet forth in *China* diſhes.

But, lord, our country red-arm'd wenches
May ſtop the bull from breaking fences;
But as to *China* down they go,
Then all ſurpriſe, the fool ſays—*So!*
And if my wife perchance engages,
'Tis—*Madam ſtops a body's wages.*
Oh how I long to hold diſcourſe;
Could I but ſee the white-fac'd horſe;
Then grumbling *John* might broach the ale,
And port ſhould lengthen out the tale.

REFLECTIONS *on the above* Epiſtle *by a* Prime Miniſter.

What's wealth and all the littleneſs of power,
To the ſweet comforts of a ſocial hour?
What joys ſo waſt can life or fortune give,
*As thoſe which friends impart and mutually receive?**

* The politician who added theſe reflections, thus concludes his letter to the friend he ſent them to. Ah *Robin*, we miſtake our road, and loſe ſight of happineſs, when we graſp at power! This boyiſh propenſity of ever being uppermoſt, not only robs us and our friends, but even our king and country of both wealth and quiet.—Notwithſtanding our boaſted uprightneſs, there is not one of us, I fear, but what would do more for the ſake of revenge, than for the ſake of virtue, and make a thouſand ſhifts to keep on the ſaddle, tho' the horſe we ride is unruly and above our match.—The ſtory of *Phaëton* is a good leſſon for us politicians.

The following EPITAPH *was written by One of the Faculty of Phyſic for himſelf.*

EPITAPHIUM CHYMICUM.

Here lyeth to *digeſt*, *macerate*, and *amalgamate* with clay.

In balneo arenæ,
Stratum ſuper ſtratum,
The *reſiduum*, *terra damnata*, & *caput mortuum*,
Of B— G— Chemiſt,
and M. D.
A man, who, on this *earthly ball*,
Purſued various *proceſſes* to obtain
Arcanum vitæ,
Or the art of getting, rather than making *gold*.
Alchymiſt like,
All his labour and *projection*,
As *mercury* in the *fire*, evaporated in *fume*.
When he *diſſolved* to his firſt *principles*
He departed as *poor*
As the loſt *drops* of an *alembic*;
For riches are not poured
On the *adepts* of this *world*.

Though fond of news, he carefully avoided
The *fermentation*, *effervescence*,
and *decripitation* of this life.

Full ſeventy years his exalted *eſſence*
Was *hermetically* ſeal'd in its *terrene matraſs*,
But the *radical moiſture* being *exhauſted*,
The *elixir vitæ* ſpent
And *exſiccated* to a *cuticle*,

He could not *ſuſpend* longer in this *vehicle*,
But *precipitated gradatim*,
Per campanam,
To his original *duſt*.

May that light, brighter than *bolognian phoſphorus*,
Preſerve him from the *athanor*, *empyreumatical*, & *reverberatory*
Furnace of the other world,
Depurate him from the *ſæces* and *ſcoriæ* of this,
Highly rectify and *volatiliſe*
His *Æthereal ſpirit*,
Bring it over the *helm* of the retort of this *globe*,
Place it in a proper *recipient*,
Or *cryſtalline orb*,
Among the *elect* of the *flowers* of *Benjamin*,
Never to be *ſaturated*,
'Till the general *reſuſcitation*,
Deflagration, *calcination*,
And *ſublimation* of all things.

Spoken Extempore,

On ſeeing a young Lady writing Verſes with a Hole in her Stocking.

TO ſee a lady of ſuch grace,
With ſo much ſenſe, and ſuch a face,
So ſlaternly is ſhocking!
Oh if you would with *Venus* vie,
Your pen and poetry lay by,
And learn to mend your ſtocking!

An EPIGRAM
On the BRITISH LION.

In Imitation of ſeveral Authors.

OUR Lion once did roar and look'd ſo grim,
That his own ſhadow durſt not follow him!
But now he's ſo dejected and diſmay'd,
He cannot face the ſhadow of his ſhade.

An EPITAPH
On Mr. DOVE, an Apothecary;

Who unfortunately murdered himſelf by canvaſſing at Elections.

Here lies,
Sequeſter'd from the various calamities of life,
The remains of
Benjamin Dove, doctor and dealer in politics,
Whoſe *courage* and *intrepidity* expoſed him
to many *dangers* and *difficulties*, and at
laſt to *death* itſelf; for on the 26th
of *May*, 1754, he *fell a victim*,
not to the *ſword*, but to the *glaſs*.
He was in all reſpects a truly worthy man;
A kind and ſteady friend,
A generous benfactor,

A warm patriot,
An agreeable companion,
A cutter of jokes,
And a great canvaſſer at elections.

In the moſt corrupt and abandon'd age, he maintain'd his independency,
Diſdain'd every bribe;
Nor could the arts and inſinuations of the wicked induce him once to play
The part of a *Jack-of-both-ſides.*

But ever fix'd and determin'd in his choice,
And aided by the arms of *Bacchus*,
He gain'd many proſelytes to the cauſe for which he died;
He was a good *Chriſtian* in his day,
And rather inclin'd to the Church than to the Synagogue.

A man of virtue,
Tho' a lover of the wenches.

Some faults he had,
But none that his *friends* could ſee,
Or that his *enemies* can remember.

Farewel, dear friend, thy glaſs is run;
Death *has a* FINIS *fixt to* FUN.
Thoſe jokes which o'er the mantling bowl,
Regal'd the heart and chear'd the ſoul,
That gain'd thy patriot friend a vote,
Muſt with thy virtues be forgot;
Yet, of a thouſand, one in ten,
May ſhrug, perhaps, and cry POOR BEN.

MACK

MACK FLECKNOE.

ALL human things are ſubject to decay,
And when fate ſummons, monarchs muſt obey.
This *Flecknoe* found, who, like *Auguſtus*, young
Was call'd to empire, and had govern'd long;
In proſe and verſe, was own'd, without diſpute,
Through all the realms of *nonſenſe*, abſolute.
This aged Prince, now flouriſhing in peace,
And bleſt with iſſue of a large increaſe;
Worn out with bus'neſs, did at length debate
To ſettle the ſucceſſion of the ſtate:
And pond'ring, which of all his ſons was fit
To reign, and wage eternal war with wit,
Cry'd, 'tis reſolv'd; for nature pleads that he
Should only rule, who moſt reſembles me.
Sh—— alone my perfect image bears
Mature in dulneſs from his tender years;
Sh—— alone, of all my ſons is he
Who ſtands confirm'd in full ſtupidity.
The reſt to ſome faint meaning make pretence,
But *Sh*—— never deviates into ſenſe.
Some beams of wit on others ſouls may fall,
Strike through, and make a lucid interval;

But

But *Sh*——'s genuine night admits no ray,
His riſing fogs prevail upon the day.
Beſides, his goodly fabric fills the eye,
And ſeems deſign'd for thoughtleſs majeſty;
Thoughtleſs as monarch oaks that ſhade the plain,
And, ſpread in ſolemn ſtate, ſupinely reign.
Heywood and *Shirley* were but types of thee,
Thou laſt great prophet of tautology.
Ev'n I, a dunce of more renown than they,
Was ſent before but to prepare thy way;
And, coarſely clad in *Norwich* drugget, came
To teach the nations in thy greater name.
My warbling lute, the lute I whilome ſtrung,
When to King *John* of *Portugal* I ſung,
Was but the prelude to that glorious day,
When thou on ſilver *Thames* didſt cut thy way,
With well-tim'd oars before the royal barge,
Swell'd with the pride of thy celeſtial charge:
And big with hymn, commander of an hoſt,
The like was ne'er in *Epſom* blankets toſt.
Methinks I ſee the new Arion ſail,
The Lute ſtill trembling underneath thy nail.
At thy well ſharpen'd thumb, from ſhore to ſhore,
The trebbles ſqueak for fear, the baſes roar:
Echoes from *Piſſing-alley Sh*—— call,
Ah *Sh*—— they reſound from *Aſton-hall*.
About thy boat the little fiſhes throng,
As at the morning toaſt that floats along.

Sometimes, as prince of thy harmonious band,
Thou wield'ſt thy papers in thy threſhing hand.
St. Andre's feet ne'er kept more equal time,
Not ev'n the feet of thy own *Pſyche*'s rhyme:
So they in number, as in ſenſe, excel;
So juſt, ſo like tautology they fell,
That, pale with envy, *Singleton* forſwore
The lute and ſword which he in triumph bore,
And vow'd he ne'er would act *Villerius* more.

Here ſtopt the good old Sire, and wept for joy,
In ſilent raptures of the hopeful boy.
All arguments, but moſt his plays perſuade,
That for anointed dulneſs he was made.

Cloſe to the walls which fair *Auguſta* bind,
(The fair *Auguſta* much to fear inclin'd)
An ancient fabric, rais'd t' inform the ſight,
There ſtood of yore, and Barbican it hight:
A watch-tower once; but now, ſo fate ordains,
Of all the pile an empty name remains;
From its old ruins brothel-houſes riſe,
Scenes of new loves and of polluted joys,
Where their vaſt courts the mother ſtrumpets keep,
And undiſturb'd by watch, in ſilence ſleep.*
Near theſe a nurſery erects its head,
Where queens are form'd, and future heroes bred,

* Parodies on theſe lines of COWLEY (*Davideis*, book I.)——

Where their vaſt courts, the mother-waters *keep,*
And undiſturb'd by moons, *in ſilence ſleep.*

Where unfledg'd actors learn to laugh and cry,
Where infant punks their tender voices try*,
And little *Maximins* the Gods defy.
Great *Fletcher* never treads in buſkins here,
Nor greater *Johnſon* dares in ſocks appear;
But gentle *Simpkin* juſt reception finds,
Amidſt this monument of vaniſh'd minds:
Pure clinches the ſuburbian muſe affords,
And *Panton* waging harmleſs war with words.
Here *Flecknoe*, as a place to fame well known,
Ambitiouſly deſign'd his *Sh*——'s throne.
For ancient *Decker* propheſy'd long ſince,
That in this pile ſhould reign a mighty prince,
Born for a ſcourge of wit, and flail of ſenſe:
To whom true dullneſs ſhould ſome *Pſyche*'s owe,
But worlds of *miſers* from his pen ſhould flow;
Humoriſts and *hypocrites* it ſhould produce,
Whole *Raymond* families, and tribes of *Bruce*.

Now Empreſs *Fame* had publiſh'd the renown
Of *Sh*——'s coronation through the town.
Rous'd by report of fame the nations meet,
From near *Bunhill* and diſtant *Watling-ſtreet*.
No *Perſian* carpets ſpread th' imperial way,
But ſcatter'd limbs of mangled poets lay:

* Parodies on theſe lines of COWLEY (*Davideis*, book I.) ——— *Where* unfledg'd tempeſts *lie*,
And infant winds *their* tender voices *try*.

From

From dusty shops neglected authors come,
Martyrs of pies, and reliques of the bum.
Much *Heywood*, *Shirley*, *Ogleby*, there lay,
But loads of *Sh*—— almost choak'd the way.
Bilk'd stationers for yeomen stood prepar'd,
And *H*——*n* was captain of the guard.
The hoary prince in majesty appear'd,
High on a throne of his own labours rear'd.
At his right hand our young *Ascanius* sate,
Rome's other hope, and pillar of the state.
His brows thick fogs, instead of glories, grace,
And lambent dulness play'd around his face.
As *Hannibal* did to the altars come,
Swore by his fire a mortal foe to *Rome*;
So *Sh*—— swore, nor should his vow be vain,
That he to death true dulness would maintain;
And in his father's right, and realm's defence,
Ne'er to have peace with wit, nor truce with sense.
The King himself the sacred unction made,
As king by office, and as priest by trade.
In his sinister hand, instead of ball,
He plac'd a mighty mug of potent ale;
Love's kingdom to his right he did convey,
At once his sceptre, and his rule of sway,
Whose righteous lore the prince had practis'd young,
And from whose loins recorded *Psyche* sprung:

His

His temples, laſt, with poppies overſpread,
That nodding ſeem'd to conſecrate his head.
Juſt at the point of time, if fame not lie,
On his left hand twelve reverend *owls* did fly,
So *Romulus*, 'tis ſung, by *Tyber*'s brook,
Preſage of ſway from twice ſix vultures took.
Th' admiring throng loud acclamations make,
And omens of his future empire take.
The Sire then ſhook the honours of his head,
And from his brows damps of oblivion ſhed
Full on the filial dulneſs: long he ſtood,
Repelling from his breaſt the raging God,
At length burſt out in this prophetic mood:

Heav'ns bleſs my ſon! From *Ireland* let him reign,
To far *Barbadoes*, or the weſtern main;
Of his dominion may no end be known,
And greater than his father's be his throne;
Beyond Love's kingdom let him ſtretch his pen!
He paus'd, and all the people cry'd *Amen*.
Then thus, continued he: My ſon, advance
Still in new impudence, new ignorance.
Succeſs let others teach; learn thou from me
Pangs without birth, and fruitleſs induſtry.
Let *virtuoſo*'s in five years be writ;
Yet not one thought accuſe thy toil of wit.
Let gentle *George* in triumph tread the ſtage,
Make *Dorimant* betray, and *Lovet* rage;

Let Cully, Cockwood, Fopling, charm the pit,
And in their folly shew the writer's wit.
Yet still thy tools shall stand in thy defence,
And justify their author's want of sense.
Let them be all by thy own model made
Of dulness, and desire no foreign aid;
That they to future ages may be known,
Not copies drawn, but issues of thy own.
Nay, let thy men of wit too be the same,
All full of thee, and differing but in name.
But let no alien *S—dl—y* interpose
To lard with wit thy hungry *Epsom* prose.
And when false flowers of rhetoric thou would'st cull,
Trust nature, do not labour to be dull;
But write thy best, and top; and in each line,
Sir Formal's oratory will be thine;
Sir Formal, though unsought, attends thy quill,
And does by *northern dedications* fill.
Nor let false friends seduce thy mind to fame,
By arrogating *Johnson*'s hostile name.
Let father *Flecknoe* fire thy mind with praise,
And uncle *Ogleby* thy envy raise.
Thou art my blood, where *Johnson* has no part:
What share have we in nature or in art?
Where did his wit or learning fix a brand,
And rail at arts he did not understand?

Where

Where made he love in Prince *Nicander*'s vein,
Or ſwept the duſt in *Pſyche*'s humble ſtrain;
Where ſold he bargains, ſweep-ſtitch, kiſs my a--e,
Promis'd a play, and dwindled to a farce?
When did his muſe from *Fletcher* ſcenes purloin,
As thou whole *Eth'ridge* doſt transfuſe to thine?
But ſo transfus'd, as oil and waters flow,
His always floats above, thine ſinks below.
This is thy province, this thy wond'rous way,
New humours to invent for each new play:
This is that boaſted bias of the mind,
By which one way, to dulneſs 'tis inclin'd;
Which makes thy writings lean on one ſide ſtill,
And, in all changes, that way bends thy will.
Nor let thy mountain-belly make pretence
Of likeneſs; thine's a tympany of ſenſe.
A ton of man in thy large bulk is writ,
But ſure thou'rt but a kilderkin of wit.
Like mine, thy gentle numbers feebly creep;
Thy tragic muſe gives ſmiles, thy comic ſleep.
With whate'er gaul thou ſet'ſt thyſelf to write,
Thy inoffenſive ſatires never bite.
In thy felonious heart tho' venom lies,
It does but touch thy pointleſs pen, and dies.
Thy genius calls thee not to purchaſe fame
In keen Iambics, but mild Anagram.
Leave writing plays, and chuſe for thy command
Some peaceful province in acroſtic land.

There thou may'ſt *wings* diſplay, and *altars* raiſe,
And torture one poor word ten thouſand ways.
Or if thou would'ſt thy different talents ſuit,
Set thy own ſongs, and ſing them to thy lute.
He ſaid; but his laſt words were ſcarcely heard,
For *Bruce* and *Longvil* had a trap prepar'd,
And down they ſent the yet-declaiming bard.
Sinking he left his drugget robe behind,
Borne upwards by a ſubterranean wind.
The mantle fell to the young prophet's part,
With double portion of his father's art.

By this performance, the reader will ſee how much the Poets love one another,—and how they are beloved by the Critics will appear by the following piece.

The CRITICS *miſtaken.* A Tale.

IN every age, and each profeſſion,
Men err the moſt by prepoſſeſſion.
But when the thing is clearly ſhown,
And fairly ſtated, fully known,
We ſoon applaud what we deride,
And penitence ſucceeds to pride.
A certain baron, on a day,
Having a mind to ſhow away,
Invited all the wits and wags,
Foot, M——y, Shuter, Yates and *Skeggs.*

And built a large commodious ſtage
For the choice ſpirits of the age.
But above all, among the reſt,
There came a genius, who profeſt
To have a curious trick in ſtore,
Which never was perform'd before.
Thro' all the town this ſoon got air,
And the whole houſe was like a fair;
But ſoon, his entry as he made,
Without or prompter or parade,
'Twas all expectance, all ſuſpence,
And ſilence gag'd the audience.
He hid his head behind his wig,
And ſo exact TOOK OFF A PIG,
All ſwore 'twas ſerious and no joke,
For that, or underneath his cloke
He had conceal'd ſome grunting elf,
Or was a real hog himſelf.
A ſearch was made—no pig was found—
With thund'ring claps the ſeats reſound,
And pit, and box, and galleries roar,
With—O rare! Bravo! and Encore!
Old *Roger Grouſe*, a country clown,
Who yet knew ſomething of the town,
Beheld the mimic and his whim,
And on the morrow challeng'd him,
Declaring to each beau and bunter,
That he'd out-grunt th' egregious grunter.

The morrow came—the crowd was greater—
But prejudice and rank ill-nature
Uſurp'd the minds of men and wenches,
Who came to hiſs and break the benches.
The mimic took his uſual ſtation,
And ſqueak'd with general approbation.
Again Encore! Encore! they cry—
'Twas quite THE THING—'twas VERY HIGH.
Old *Grouſe* conceal'd amidſt this racket,
A real pig beneath his jacket.—
Then forth he came—and with his nail,
He pinch'd the urchin by the tail:
The tortur'd pig from out his throat,
Produc'd the genuine nat'ral note!
All bellow'd out 'twas very ſad!
Sure, never ſtuff was half ſo bad!
That, like a Pig, each cry'd in ſcoff,
Phaw! Nonſenſe! Blockhead! Off! Off! Off!
The mimic was extoll'd, and *Grouſe*
Was hiſs'd and catcall'd from the houſe.—
Soft ye, a word before I go,
Quoth honeſt *Hodge*—and ſtooping low,
Produc'd the pig, and thus aloud,
Beſpoke the ſtupid, partial crowd—
BEHOLD AND LEARN FROM THIS POOR CREATURE,
HOW MUCH YOU CRITICS KNOW OF NATURE.

Page. 141.



BRITISH
4 AU64
MUSEUM

* This tale is a proper leſſon for the Critics, as it evidently ſhews the neceſſity of a man's bearing his judgment about him; and having his head fraught with the rule of enquiry, and the ſcale of ſatisfaction. If the errors of our modern critics for the laſt ten years were pointed out in this minute manner, fifty volumes in folio would not contain them, ſo pregnant have they been in the buſineſs of blundering. VOLTAIRE.

*** In the preſs and ſpeedily will be publiſhed, A Compariſon in point of dignity between a Modern Critic and Rat-catcher. Illuſtrated with notes variorum from the works of the literati of all nations.

On a certain CONCERT.

AMPHION, we're told
By the poets of old,
Cou'd thrum on his harp a ſweet ditty;
So ſweet that the ſtones
Danc'd a galliard at once,
And ſettled in form of a city.
But, ye muſical Sirs,
Not a man of us ſtirs;
Tho' your *Purcels* you play, and *Corellies*,
If you'd pleaſe you muſt treat
With much drink and good meat,
And ſo touch our hearts thro' our bellies.

PUB-

PUDDING.

ROTUND, or oval, in whatever form
My jocund eyes thy pleaſing preſence meet,
Hail, bounteous Pudding! hot or cold, all hail;
Whether my blue-ey'd *Kate*, with lilly hand,
In ſimple neatneſs eminent, whoſe ſmile
Is love ineffable, into thy lap
Infuſeth ſtore of eggs and ſpicy ſweets,
Whoſe fragrance is inferior to herſelf;
Or whether *Joan* in woolly veſtment clad,
Dwelling in ſtraw-thatcht cot, with buſy glee
Thy compoſition kneads, and fills thy cave
With golden pomes profuſe, or leaves thee coarſe,
Of ſuet, butter, and aught elſe devoid
Tending to flavour, ſerv'd in wooden bowl:
Oh! welcome thou, mine appetite's beſt gueſt;
Whether the oven's heat embrowns thy cruſt,
With ſugar froſted, crumbling at the touch;
Or whether thou in ragged clout enwrap'd
Haſt felt the boiling tempeſt of the pot.
But chiefly come, and deck mine humble cloth,
With all the rich magnificence of plumbs
Array'd moſt gorgeouſly, whilſt down thy ſides
Hot melted butter rolls its golden wave,
As amorous of thy charms. Here might the ſons
Of luxury deprav'd look on with eyes

That envy'd, while they gaz'd. Give me but this,
And let the bloated Alderman devour
Turtle, that boaſts diverſity of food,
And rareſt dainties, ſtill more dainty made,
By being tortur'd from their native taſte.
I ſhall not grudge their feaſt.—Be Pudding mine,
And I can paſs yon celebrated ſtall,
Where the firm Salmon tempts the greedy eye
Of gaping paſſengers, and where the Trout
And ruddy Prawn lie ſwelling on the ſight.
"Nor caſt one longing lingring look behind."

*** A Pudding thus prepar'd is a moſt excellent poultice for the ſtomach—The butter lubricates, the plumbs ſtimulate, the meal ſtrengthens, the ſuet proves anodyne, the eggs exerciſe the digeſtive faculties, and the ſpices help to increaſe the natural heat; theſe things conſidered, we may ſafely conclude with *Boranius* the Philoſopher, *that there never was a good boy or a wiſe man who did not love pudding.*

TANKARD of PORTER.

Nunc eſt bibendum. HOR.

THE foaming cup replete with mad'ning juice
Of *Gallic* vines, to others taſte I leave;
Why ſhould I ſicken for exotic draughts,
Since with kind hand domeſtic *Ceres* gives

Potation more robuſt.—Repleniſh here—
Boy, take this honeſt Tankard—Fill it high
With buxom Porter, ſuch as *Hercules*,
Was *Hercules* in being, would imbibe.
Behold its pyramid of tow'ring froth
Brown as a nut, and ſparkling on the ſight,
Tho' ſome prefer it white as *Alpine* ſnow
Or *Cælia*'s milky orbs! Encircled oft
Amidſt my jovial intimates, to her
Benignant Goddeſs of the Barley-mow,
Who ever guards, and ſwells the ſmiling ear
Her own libation let me offer up
With thanks exulting, 'till I can no more.
'Tis this enlivens the *Freethinker*'s brain,
Great bulwark of the *Robinhood* debate!
By this he dares his florid argument,
And pours forth unpremeditated tropes.
How ſhall I ſpeak its praiſe! 'Tis mental balm
To the deſponding chairman, vig'rous nurſe
Of ſpirits warlike, to the ſoldier's breaſt
Impenetrable ſteel, nerve of his nerves,
And comfort to the ſailor in the ſtorm!
Rous'd from the lethargy of ſleeping thought
By Porter's fluid, the mechanic prates
Of ſtate-connections, as at night he ſits
With ſmoke envelop'd over T——'s mild.
Say! Is it he, who pleads for *Britiſh* freedom
This little monarch in his potent cups!

Is't he, whoſe ample mind excurſive roves
To where the *Pruſſian* Hero leads his troops
Againſt united forces! This the man
Who plans an expedition, lays down rules
To ſettle politic concerns, and dares
With ſage advice to dictate to a throne?
Grant it: but 'tis the Porter's manly juice
That animates his organs, gives his tongue
The liberty of ſpeech, his hollow thought
Impregnates quick, and ſets his brain on fire.
At rich *Hortenſo*'s table tho' thou'rt held
In eſtimation cheap, thy charms to me
Are not diminiſh'd; for, ſecure from ills,
I quaff thy ſalutif'rous ſtream, whilſt he,
(Sad ſlave to appetite that knows no bounds)
Drinks in each glaſs th' inflammatory gout,
"And thouſand other ills that fleſh is heir to."
Can dear-bought Claret boaſt of ſervices
With thine co-equal? Or can Punch itſelf,
However temper'd, or with *Wenman*'s Rum,
Or *Aſbley*'s Brandy, or *Batavian* Rack,
High-priz'd, diffuſe hilarity like thine!
Abſurd—before the nodding Barley-ſheaf
The *Gallic* Vine muſt bow, and *Gallic* Butlers
To the ſtout *Britiſh* Drayman muſt give way.
Now when the evening creeps with gradual ſtep,
And wraps the day within her ſable ſhroud;

Come

Come, Tankard, to my hand, and with thee bring
The pipe, companion meet. Attended thus
My Nectar will I quaff, and fill the room
With smoke voluminous, 'till *Morpheus'* wand
Slow breaking thro' the cloud mine eyelids close,
And fix me snoring in my elbow-chair.

*** *Boranius* has observed, that there never was a wise man who did not love Pudding; and were we allowed to make an apothegm of our own, we should certainly assert, *that there never was a good Politician who did not love Porter.*—Porter has the same effect on the brain as Pudding has on the stomach; it lubricates, it stimulates, it strengthens, and it is anodyne. By putting the ideas into motion, it exercises the mind and sometimes the tongue; and, by consent of the nervous system, it maketh the cheeks look red, and causeth the cripple to dance. In all cases, where wit and wisdom are wanting, Porter is a most powerful potion; and the disputant, who is foil'd and at a loss for an argument, will always find one at the bottom of his Tankard.

4 AU64

FINIS.

